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Commonweal

Southern Fear and Negro Voting

GORDON A. MARTIN, JR.

The Quest for Honesty

DANIEL CALLAHAN

De Gaulle On Vietnam

RONALD STEEL

Revising Canon Law

J. D. CONWAY

VOLUME LXXX, NO. 5 APRIL 24, 1964 TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Encountering Communism

AMONG THE many dramatic innovations of Pope John XXIII, his "opening to the left" held out the hope of dialogue between the Church and Communism. His willingness, in *Pacem in Terris*, to recognize the impact of historical change on Communist ideology and practice; his studious avoidance of inflammatory language when alluding to Communism; his personal meeting with Khrushchev's son-in-law—all of these things represented a healthy departure from the earlier practice of the Church. Many Catholics, of course, were not happy with this shift. Some were afraid the Church would become "soft" on Communism. Others worried that those oppressed Catholics behind the iron curtain would be sacrificed in the name of a vague detente. A few even saw the change as evidence that the "international left" had infiltrated the Vatican.

Even if all Catholics did not share such fears, there were hardly any who praised the Pope's efforts. Of all the changes which Pope John initiated this one elicited the least enthusiasm, even among those who, in other matters, loudly praised him. Indeed, it was not uncommon to find that the most wholehearted supporter of a theological *aggiornamento* would draw a sharp line when it came to supporting conversation with Communists.

This indifferent response, this fear, this reluctance, must be accounted as very strange. No less strange is the sense of relief some now exude when reports are circulated that Pope Paul VI has re-instituted a "hard line" at the Vatican. Just how substantial these reports are is extremely difficult to evaluate. On this as on many other points, a considerable degree of obscurity and uncertainty have marked Pope Paul's short pontificate.

In any case, there is not much evidence that Pope Paul is vigorously pursuing the implications of Pope John's initiatives. On the contrary, the few things Pope Paul has said seem to lend credence to the reports of a repudiation of his predecessor's attitudes and explorations.

The strangeness here lies in the contrast between the Church's present effort to take the world seriously, to institute dialogue and encounter, and its failure to see the immense consequences of this aim for its approach to Communism. Why, among all the pressing problems which face the Church, does that of Communism receive the least creative thinking? Even the delicate matter of the Church's teaching on birth control has, of late, been the subject of a far more open discussion. At least in that area, articles are being written and talks given. So far as Communism is concerned, no one seems even to be writing controversial articles for nervous authorities to suppress.

NO DOUBT the hard, empirical fact of a continuing Communist oppression of the Church behind the iron curtain has much to do with this silence. Should one ask what evidence there is that Communists would be willing to talk, it would be extremely difficult to come up with any of consequence. Or if one asked if there are any signs that Communist leaders have thawed in their attitude toward religion, there would be scant little to go on. The Communist Party in the Soviet Union has only recently intensified its atheistic teaching programs, its propaganda against religion, its efforts to stifle any emergence of religion among Soviet youth. In the satellite countries, opposition to the Church and religion has not noticeably diminished of late; indeed, it has intensified in Poland. Pope Paul was quite correct when he pointed out in a Good Friday homily that "The Church of silence is still the suffering Church, the patient Church and in certain places the suffocated Church."

But as inescapable as these facts are, do they provide an excuse for not confronting Communism with imaginative Christian thinking? They do not. For if we take seriously the Church's protestation

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that it does want to plumb the depths of the contemporary world, then it must plumb the depths of Communism as well. In one important sense, it is irrelevant that Communism proclaims its implacable opposition to, or hatred of, religion. Innumerable times in the past, the Church has been persecuted: that did not stop Christians from talking with their persecutors. Most notably, the primitive Church did not spend its time issuing manifestoes of opposition to Roman paganism. On the contrary, it set out to convert that paganism; or, when that was not possible, to find a meeting ground with it. Can we now afford to forget the travels of St. Paul; or of the need that the Church be all things for all men?

Yet, surely knowing all of these things in its heart, the Church seems to draw back. Perhaps the worst part of it is that the Church's attitude toward Communism seems to depend so heavily on how it happens to be faring at any given moment at the hands of Communism. When the pressure is off now and then, there are those willing to look for openings; when it is on, condemnations abound.

In this respect, Vatican policy reminds one of nothing so much as secular diplomacy—of the stance of one world power toward another. Thus there is constant talk of whether a "hard" line or a "soft" line would be more likely to help the Church. Or whether, in exchange for some benefit or other, the Church should make a concession. In some instances, unhappily, it seems that the Church's attitude is determined by the fate of its interests (temporal no less than spiritual). So, too, negotiations between Vatican and Communist officials seem to differ in no way from secular diplomatic negotiations.

Of course the Church is in the world, and for that reason the methods of the world have a perfectly legitimate place. But must not the Church bring to the encounter with Communism something more? Must it not encounter Communism on the intellectual and spiritual level, on the level of human relationships? It will not be true to itself if it does anything but that.

One Key to Employment

WARM ADHERENTS of the cause of natural resource conservation in America are relatively few. Except among nature-lovers and the professionally interested there appears to be little in the way of concern about it. Even when coupled with attacks on big corporations for wasting the national substance, its espousal seldom develops much political mileage. In the country's recent past only such leaders as Teddy Roosevelt, Gifford Pinchot of Pennsyl-

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THE COMMONWEAL

232 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

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Second-class postage paid in Norwalk, Conn. Printed in the U.S.A. and published weekly, except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and from mid-July to mid-September, at 116 Main St., Norwalk, Conn., by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. MUrray Hill 3-2042.

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vania and Senator Norris of Nebraska succeeded in dramatizing the subject. For one thing the American people are becoming more and more urbanized. Secondly, programs of this sort have in view the well-being of future generations and take time to show tangible results; to plan and construct dams and waterways and to rebuild exhausted and eroded farm lands are hardly the accomplishments of a moment, while the development of stands of new trees takes years.

Franklin Roosevelt instigated conservation on a large scale with the establishment of the Tennessee Valley Authority in 1933. His organization of the Civilian Conservation Corps set in motion a project that was to enroll three million unemployed young men from all parts of the country. The CCC program came to an end with our entry into World War II.

Summer visitors at some of our National Parks report that already facilities are badly overcrowded. Our population continues to grow; American families are increasingly more mobile. Such recreation areas will be more inadequate still in the next decade. Moreover, current waste and neglect of our natural resources threatens to impoverish future generations. Destruction of the nation's timber resources alone is one factor that has attained monstrous proportions.

For reasons such as these, it is encouraging that conservation is being considered for an important role in the war on poverty. Secretary of the Interior Udall declares that there is a fifteen to twenty billion dollar backlog of urgently needed conservation work. He has plans for a hundred-seventy work camps in thirty-five states, many of which could be made operational in a month. This will create thousands of new jobs, a number of them for our neglected Indians.

In the Appalachia Report, now in the hands of President Johnson, conservation also has an important part. The program, which has the approval of the governors of nine of the ten states included, calls for flood control, the industrial and recreational impounding of water, comprehensive timber development and the acquisition of national forest land.

As automation increases and defense industries decline from their peak, it becomes more and more difficult to sustain and expand opportunities for employment. Conservation can serve as one means of creating jobs now and building foundations for a greater American future.

Wisconsin Primary

THERE IS something for everyone in returns of primary elections. Just as many Goldwater supporters, and the Senator himself, saw nothing more ominous in the New Hampshire results than a need to correct certain campaigning methods, Wisconsin is now being tailored to the needs and wishes of all parties. Thus, while Governor Wallace sees a triumph for segregation in the 264,000 votes he drew, Roy Wilkins of the NAACP has declared that the 811,000 votes for Governor Reynolds and Representative Byrnes constitutes "a mandate to the Senate to enact quickly all ten titles of the civil rights bill substantially as they came from the House"—certainly an example of positive thinking.

President Johnson, along with Mr. Wilkins and many others, has been content to say that the vote was three-to-one against the segregationist candidate—a reasonable enough observation with some unreasonably facile overtones. The returns can hardly be read as a smashing victory for integration and civil rights.

Wisconsin does have its own hard-core reactionaries, and it is the state that created and sustained Senator Joseph McCarthy, but it is a Northern state of more-or-less liberal persuasion. General MacArthur, at the height of his popularity, could muster only a feeble primary campaign there against Harold Stassen. And as civil rights leaders have pointed out, Wisconsin has anti-discrimination laws that are far more stringent than those contained in the current federal bill.

Mr. Wallace must be given credit for making his point: that there is considerably more resistance to integration in the North than the current simplifications admit. The large vote for him does appear to reflect concern over the movement of Negroes into white areas, and perhaps a spirit of resistance to the Negro protest movement is taking hold among whites who have heretofore not felt strongly one way or the other. Mr. Wallace is, after all, a one-issue candidate, and despite the attempts to explain away his success, a quarter million voters of both parties have aligned themselves on his side of that one issue. And since he has chosen his terrain carefully, chances are he will do even better in Indiana, which is perhaps the most conservative non-Southern state east of the Mississippi.

The Wallace candidacy should not be written off. It seems to suggest the need for countervailing efforts from civil rights groups and from the White House. Otherwise the danger is that it will rally the many Southern Congressmen who are now only going through the motions of opposing the civil rights bill, and provide a crucial handful of undecided Northern and Western Senators with an excuse for watering down the legislation. An explicit campaign to explain this danger to the voters of Indiana seems called for.

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Of Arms and the Man

AS IT MUST have done for millions, the death of General Douglas MacArthur brought back many memories for me. General MacArthur's service to the nation spanned two world wars and many a skirmish in between, to say nothing of Korea. I served under his command in the Southwest Pacific during World War II—far under, I should emphasize, since the highest rank I ever achieved in the Army was that of sergeant.

I suppose no one ever felt the Army assigned him properly. As a rather bookish, non-athletic type I couldn't imagine what the Army was thinking of when it put me in the infantry. I survived almost four years of service, and in a way I suppose the experience was good for me, but I never felt at home. As far as that goes, though, who would feel at home if the Army handed him a rifle and told him to go kill people? Only gangsters, I suppose, and the Army wouldn't let them in for fear they would corrupt the rest of us.

So no one I ever met in the Army really felt he was where he belonged. But with General MacArthur one got exactly the opposite feeling: win or lose, General MacArthur seemed to be doing exactly what he most wanted to do. The army was his vocation, and war put it to the test. The feeling was inescapable that he was enjoying every minute of it.

This impression of the General had a lot to do with the attitude of many of us toward him, I suspect—an attitude that never came near the hero worship of the press and general public back home. We respected him, but liking was something else—we didn't *like* anybody whom we suspected of being happy in the service. Illogical, maybe, but that's the way it was.

The fighting in the Pacific was a miserable sort of war. No one really knows what war is like until he wades through a jungle swamp, in mud up to his waist, either pursuing or being pursued by a very clever enemy. I saw less of it than many others, but I had all I wanted and then some. At that, though, I still think that it does not compare with the first world war.

I've always been fascinated by World War I, in a horrified sort of way, and I've been reading the current series on it in *Life* with great interest. Heaven knows that World War II had its horrors, and I suppose that in it the suffering of the civilian population reached an all-time high. But for downright horror it would be hard to beat that of the Western Front in World War I. On occasion we in the Pacific knew horrors but there has never been anything quite like the confrontation of armies in Europe in 1914-1918.

There never was a better example, either, of the fact that wars are too important to be left to the generals. The "great" new weapon of World War I was the machine gun. The French took half a million casualties before the infantrymen were given inconspicuous clothing and steel helmets. British cavalry charged bravely into battle, carrying their lances, only to go down row after row under fire from machine guns they never even saw. The Germans had the machine gun; the French had the murderous, fast-firing "75" cannon. But on each side the generals ignored the totally new problems of mass warfare, choosing to place their trust in the weapons of their youth. Despite the daily slaughter of thousands and thousands of young men, they kept sending troops armed only with sabers, rifles and bayonets against machine guns and artillery. In two weeks the French alone were losing 15,000 men a day.

Even today, the names of some of the battles have a somber sound. The Somme, for example—in response to a French plea for help the British mounted their strongest attack to date on the German line. At first light 100,000 men left their trenches for the attack; by dark, sixty thousand of them were dead, wounded or prisoners. Before what was officially called the battle of the Somme was over, there were 420,000 British casualties; 200,000 French; 450,000 German.

Perhaps the grisliest battle of all was that fought at Verdun, if only because it was deliberately planned by the Germans to bleed the French to death. The French, in turn, would not yield; as the commanding general Philippe Pétain put it: "They shall not pass." In the end Verdun became the longest single battle in history, dragging on for ten months and leaving the French with 315,000 casualties.

It was a terrible war. France, England, and Germany lost a generation in the trenches, and France has never been the same since. As *Life* put it, "That war, which started fifty years ago this summer, lays claim to many firsts: it spread to twenty-eight countries on six continents, and its battles flared on land from Tsingtao, China to the African coast, by sea from Jutland to the Falkland Islands. It killed more men than any previous war, and it was the first war to suck in whole nations, including civilians. It raised the U.S. to a pinnacle of power, unleashed Communism—shaping the world of crisis that we know today."

That war was, in my opinion, the first to get completely out of control—to fly in the face of the Christian tradition which had always sought to contain hatred, to restrain violence, to "civilize" warfare. World War I was the war of mustard gas, of the tank and machine gun, of the infant airplane, of the end to any distinction between civilian and combatant. It was, in short, the first modern war, and when, if ever, will we recover from tasting that apple?

JAMES O'GARA

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Southern Fear and Negro Voting

GORDON A. MARTIN, JR.

AS "The Civil Rights Act of 1963," H.R. 7152, continued along its tortured route to enactment, a noteworthy exchange occurred on the Senate floor, the fruit of the Democratic leadership's attempts to keep the filibuster on the point and away from past irrelevancies. It was the third day of the debate whether to debate, and Title I, the voting rights provision intended to strengthen the 1957 and 1960 Acts, was the topic. Senator Hubert H. Humphrey of Minnesota, the bill's floor manager, had stated that in some two hundred Southern counties fewer than 15 percent of the adult Negroes were registered to vote and in six counties not a single Negro was registered. The Southern spokesman of the moment, Louisiana's Allen J. Ellender, contended that some counties were having difficulty in getting Negroes to register. Mr. Humphrey asserted that the so-called literacy tests had been systematically employed by Southern registrars to keep Negroes off the voting rolls by giving them more difficult constitutional sections to interpret and by more rigorous grading.

Then this interesting colloquy took place:

ELLENDER: It is true that in some states there are counties where the ratio of Negroes to whites is two to one, and there is little or no registration. But why? For the reason that the few whites in those counties would be scared to death to have Negroes in charge of public office without qualification.

HUMPHREY: Then what the Senator from Louisiana is saying, in other words, is that while the whites are in the minority, they do prevent the colored majority from registering to vote?

ELLENDER: I do.

Shortly thereafter there appeared on the Senate floor Sam J. Ervin, Jr., of North Carolina, the perennial field marshal of the Southern forces, whose questioning had taken up nine of the eleven mornings in 1963 which Attorney General Kennedy spent before the Senate Judiciary Committee testifying on the original Administration bill, which was destined to languish there in perpetuity. The Southern concessions were over for the day.

The Constitution of the United States, the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments thereto, and the Civil Rights Acts of 1957 and 1960 are fortunately color blind. Their principles apply—or should apply—uniformly, regardless of the racial composition of a particular area. But was Senator Ellender's assessment of the situation correct? Are Negroes denied the right to vote only where the white population is "afraid (it) would be outvoted"?

Were the Senator correct, George County, Mississippi, should be an idyllic place for the Southern Negro. The 1960 census showed that George County had a white population over twenty-one of 5276 and a Negro population over 21 of only 580. In January 1960, when Eldred Green became the county's registrar of voters, 3678 or 70 percent of these white persons were registered to vote and seven or 1.7 percent of the Negroes.

George County was not even in existence when the Mississippi Constitutional Convention of 1890 made that state the leader in the disfranchisement of the Negro. The county is a political creature of the twentieth century, which finds the state fragmented into eighty-two county units, each with its own registrar of voters or circuit clerk, empowered to evaluate the qualifications of applicants for voter registration.

Though Mobile, Alabama, lies but forty miles southeast of Lucedale, the county seat, and the Gulf Coast, with its Ingalls Shipyard and Standard Oil refinery, is little more than forty miles to the South, George County seems remarkably well insulated from the outside world. Only the passings of salesmen or a pipeline crew from the Coast, or the recurrent visits of the FBI and of attorneys of the Civil Rights Division of the Justice Department mar its otherwise tranquil existence. Approaching Lucedale from Mobile on two-lane Route 98, one sees the small rolling hills and scrubby terrain of the Rocky Creek area give way on the right to a large truck stop where the eating place proclaims by a prominently placed sign its right to refuse service to whomever it wishes. Driving on into Lucedale one sees a larger restaurant where on a Friday evening in April of 1962 a local group gathered after its annual minstrel show. After all had arrived, still in blackface, the funeral director, who headed the evening, rose to give his financial accounting and reminded the group that a few dollars must be deducted for the "Nigger stuff" they were wearing.

Down the main street a bit farther and across from the

GORDON A. MARTIN, JR., an Assistant United States Attorney in Boston, spent two years with the trial staff of the Civil Rights Division of the Department of Justice.

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movie theater and the office of the county agricultural agent is the weekly paper, the *George County Times*. By placing a dime in the box in the front, one can purchase a copy, skim the local news, and find the list naming the applicants for voter registration in the past two weeks.

ELDRED GREEN had been in office but a few months when the Congress was debating the 1960 Civil Rights Act, Title III of which was to give the Attorney General the right to inspect the voting records of any county where he believed voting discrimination to exist, and requiring retention of the records for twenty-two months. Emergency legislation by the fast-moving Mississippi legislature, however, gave the registrars, prior to passage of the act, the right to destroy their records. Thus May 21, 1960, was the date of the first application form or literacy test to be found when Green was ordered by the court to permit his records to be inspected by the Department of Justice. Between May 21, 1960, and April 24, 1962, when a temporary restraining order was obtained by the Justice Department against the registrar's discriminatory practices, 283 white persons and sixteen Negroes filled out application forms. All but one of the white persons was registered to vote. No Negro was registered. Among the rejected Negroes were high school and college graduates and teachers, one the holder of a Master's degree from Northwestern University.

There are 285 sections of the Mississippi constitution. 186 of these white applicants, 66 percent, received what is generally considered the easiest section of the constitution, Section 30, "There shall be no imprisonment for debt." Five of the sixteen Negroes, or 31 percent, received this section.

On July 12, 1961, John Cecil McMillan, a forty-two-year-old white farmer, gave as his interpretation of "There shall be no imprisonment for debt" the following: "I thank that a nearger Should have 2 years in college Be for voting. Be cause He dont under Stand." John Cecil McMillan was duly registered.

A month later, an elderly Negro shopkeeper from an outlying part of the county was visiting relatives in a distant Mississippi city. She heard on a news broadcast that the FBI was conducting an investigation of voting discrimination in George County and that Mr. Green had told the agents that there had been no Negro applicants since he took office. She thought upon returning home that she would be doing a service both for her fellow Negroes and for Mr. Green by attempting registration.

And so, on August 25, 1961, this elderly woman went into town and over to the old red county courthouse which houses the Circuit Clerk's office. She was not the first Negro to seek to apply, for others had sought to apply under previous registrars and had been turned away with the comment that there were "no registration books for colored." She was, however, the first Negro to be permitted to fill out an application form in the six and a half years since the form had been required by law in the state.

Section 72 was assigned to this lady: "Every bill which shall pass both houses shall be presented to the governor of the state. If he approves, he shall sign it; but if he does not approve, he shall return it, with his objections, to the house in which it originated, which shall consider the objections at large upon its journal, and proceed to reconsider it. If after such reconsideration two-thirds of that house shall agree to pass the bill, it shall be sent, with the objections, to the other house, by which, likewise, it shall be reconsidered; and if approved by two-thirds of that house, it shall become a law; but in all such cases the votes of both houses shall be determined by yeas and nays, and the names of persons voting for and against the bill shall be entered on the journal of each house respectively. If any bill shall not be returned by the governor within five days (Sundays excepted) after it has been presented to him, it shall become law in like manner as if he had signed it, unless the legislature, by adjournment, prevented its return, in which case it shall be a law unless sent back within three days after the beginning of the next session of the legislature. No bill shall be approved when the legislature is not in session." Her interpretation was creditable, but she was rejected. The first Negro to fill out a form, she was also the first applicant in George County to be given a section to interpret which remotely approached that length.

IN JANUARY 1962 a younger Negro woman, though one old enough to be a grandmother, heard President Kennedy deliver his State of the Union message. She remembered particularly the President's declaration that all qualified citizens should be registered to vote, and so she attempted registration, soon to realize that the President's goals had not yet been achieved in her county. She became an affiant for the Department of Justice, as did others who were rejected, two of them teachers who had been turned away annually since 1952. On the basis of their affidavits, the U.S. District Court for the Southern District of Mississippi on April 24, 1962, issued a temporary restraining order to remain in effect until further order of the court.

On April 28, 1962, five of the six Negro affiants were registered to vote, but they were to be the last Negroes registered for some time, partially because the Negroes who then applied in May, encouraged by the issuance of the court order and the success of the first five to apply following the order, were systematically rejected by Mr. Green; and partially because no teacher in Mississippi has tenure and the local school boards were thus able to refuse to renew the teaching contracts of three of the five Negro teachers who had attempted registration. The deterrent effect was obvious. Negro applications ceased. An intimidation action brought by the Justice Department against the George County Board of Education in

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this connection is at this writing still pending before the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit.

The patterned answers of white applicants, the instances where someone other than the white applicant filled out the form for him, the instances where white persons were registered even after leaving blank their constitutional interpretations or their definition of the duties and obligations of citizenship, are only added evidence that in George County, Mississippi, as in many other Southern counties and parishes, discrimination against the Negro is the pervading, all-encompassing way of life, whether the Negro is in the majority or in the distinct minority. Eldred Green has left the red courthouse, his four-year term completed, but a new Circuit Clerk has taken his place.

Said Senator Ellender to Senator Humphrey: "The Senator from Minnesota has not lived among them. . . . If you knew the capability of these people, the Senator would have some fear also about putting these people in charge of the government."

Unfortunately, it is the Southern white person who does not know the capability of his Negro brother. He has not met him. He has seen him, yes; spoken to him, yes; but never talked with him, never discussed as equals matters of common concern.

Were he to do so, he would learn that Negro voter registration applicants are courageous and intelligent human beings, who seek, not to be put "in charge of the government," but to begin long overdue participation in it.

Some Knotty Problems

The Quest for Honesty

DANIEL CALLAHAN

WHILE IT WOULD probably smack of irreverence, there are times when I wish it were possible to feed into an advanced computer some knotty problems of religion. At the moment there are two I would give it. The first, a general question: How long does it now take for an idea which originates in the secular world to make its appearance in religious writing? The second is more specific: How long does it take before problems which agitate Protestant minds begin to agitate Catholic minds?

The questions are not as idly speculative as they may sound. For surely a competent computer, with the aid of a few historians, social observers and literary men feeding it raw data, could have predicted some years ago that Catholics would eventually take up the cry for "honesty" in the Church. The idea of "honesty" has been, after all, a critical one in the post-war secular mind: writers are extolled for their honesty, their sincerity; political scientists are forever "candidly" speaking their mind about political myths; psychotherapists have been telling us how much we lie to ourselves; someone or other is always condemning us for lacking the courage to tear away at the falsehoods in our society. When one hears Catholics finally talking this kind of language, whether it be for "honest" reporting of the Council, for "honest" talk about Catholics and family planning, for "honest" admissions that the Church needs reform—one can only say: "ah ha, it's come."

The odd thing is that however quickly Catholics pick these things out of the air, Protestants have often been there first. Again, a computer could probably have predicted that just as Catholics would begin tentatively talking of honesty, many Protestants would be in the midst of a full-scale debate on the same point. The most prominent sign of this is that prodigious Protestant best-seller, *Honest to God* (Westminster Press. $1.65), written by the Anglican Bishop of Woolwich, England, John A. T. Robinson. Less noticed, but in much the same vein, is *Objections to Christian Belief* (Lippincott. $2.50), a set of lectures by four Anglican theologians at Cambridge. The point of both books is to take a hard look at "traditional" Christianity, subjecting both creed and morality to unflinching examination. In particular, the various theologians aim to set forth their doubts and worries, not in order to destroy Christianity but rather to achieve some sort of harmony between what the modern world takes for granted about reality and what, by contrast, they think Christian theology says about it. There is also an implicit consensus among the authors that Christians today do not, in fact, give as much credence to traditional thought as they themselves think; and that this is the source of considerable dishonesty.

The Catholic quest for honesty, if I interpret the

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clues correctly, has now reached a point at which many are discovering that what bothers them is not this or that specific problem, but more: that it is so hard to speak openly in the Church. Difficulties seem concealed altogether or buried beneath carefully laid layers of sanctimonious optimism. John Cogley put it well recently in these pages when he wrote that he would like to see the "layman feel free to express his convictions, doubts and dissents without fear of 'violating orthodoxy' or seeming to be brash. . . . " Yet it would be a mistake to identify too closely the Protestant and Catholic quest.

No Catholics, so far as I know, are suggesting, as does Bishop Robinson, that a lack of honesty in the Church is keeping them from expressing radical doubts on the "mythological" world-view of the Scripture writers, on the very idea of "supernaturalism," or on relevance of "religion" to Christianity. Yet it is precisely this kind of "honesty" which Bishop Robinson wants. If not, there will be, he believes, "an increasing alienation, both within the ranks of the church and outside it, between those whose recipe is the mixture as before (however revitalized) and those who feel compelled to be honest *wherever* it may lead them." "We are being called," he thinks, " . . . to far more than a restating of traditional orthodoxy in modern terms. Indeed, if our defense of the Faith is limited to this, we shall find in all likelihood that we have lost out to all but a tiny religious remnant." What, practically, does this mean? "We have to be prepared for *everything* to go into the melting . . . even our most cherished religious categories and moral absolutes. And the first thing we must be ready to let go is our image of God himself."

HONESTY, however, can cover a multitude of sins and virtues. Understood one way, it can simply mean the opposite of hypocrisy, which is a concealing of one's true beliefs beneath a veneer of conformity. Understood another way, it can mean a radical willingness to take nothing as too sacred for searching examination, a willingness to pay whatever price is required to get to the bottom of things. Bishop Robinson seems to use the word in both senses. On the one hand, he thinks many Christians do not in fact believe in certain elements of traditional Christianity nearly so strongly as they pretend to. On the other, he thinks that Christians lack the courage to face their own irrelevance and so are prevented from taking the steps necessary to confront modern man.

All of this may sound vaguely familiar to Catholics, as if an amplification from another room of the debates centering around the Council. The similarity is there, but the differences are pronounced. One difference is Bishop Robinson's belief that even the best kind of revitalization of old Christian doctrines will not do any longer. Another is that he has been influenced by those elements of recent Protestant thought which have remained outside the mainstream of Protestant-Catholic ecumenism. From Rudolf Bultmann he has taken his criticism of a continuing Christian dependence on the three-layered "mythological" imagery of the Bible. From Paul Tillich his rejection of traditional theism; from Dietrich Bonhoeffer his critique of what Bonhoeffer called the "religious premise," i.e., that there exists a "supernatural" sphere over against the "secular."

There is still another difference, one best expressed perhaps in A. R. Vidler's introduction to *Objections to Christian Belief*. There Dr. Vidler asserts that "the objections are likely to be perceived and felt even more keenly by people who, maybe for years, have been living with one foot in Christian belief and the other resolutely planted in the radical unbelief of the contemporary world, so that they are, as it were, torn between the two." Clearly Bishop Robinson is such a man, as are the contributors to *Objections*. Yet I daresay there are few Catholics who would care to describe their tensions in this way (however suitable such a description might be). For the most part, Catholics approach unbelief as something which exists *outside* of the Church and *outside* of the believer. The possibility that unbelief may exist within the Church, even among the solid "faithful," seems rarely to cross the minds of most Catholic writers. The merit of Bishop Robinson's book and the authors of *Objections* is that they take this coexistence of belief and unbelief within the the heart of the believer with full seriousness.

It is worth noting a certain oddity here. While it could be expected that many conservative Anglicans would react violently against the ideas expressed by Bishop Robinson and his Protestant mentors, the sharpest attacks have come from some non-Christian philosophers. The English philosopher Alasdair MacIntyre, for instance, said of *Honest to God* in an *Encounter* review: "This book testifies to the existence of a whole group of theologies which have retained a theistic vocabulary but acquired an atheistic substance." Of Paul Tillich's work Sidney Hook has commented that "I am not fully persuaded that Tillich's ambiguities can get the idol-worshippers out of the temple; there is some evidence that his ideas provide the rationalizations for those to remain who otherwise would have left." The same attitude is prominent in Walter Kaufmann's *Faith of a Heretic*. For these men, the new "honesty" is in fact the worst kind of dishonesty.

ONE OF THE few points I can see with any clarity here is that "honesty" is a classic example of a weasel-word, the use of which depends almost entirely upon one's starting point. In the case of Bishop Robinson, much of what he rejects in "traditional" Christianity is in fact not traditional at all. Instead, it is what the popular mind thinks Christianity is, quite a different matter. The unfortunate thing is that the Bishop himself

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only half-realizes this; thus many straw men are destroyed in the name of honesty. Again and again he distorts traditional theology. How honest a procedure is that?

In any case, I am reasonably certain that Catholics cannot long remain out of the fray. Bishop Robinson's book is a harbinger of more to come. Sooner or later our own quest for honesty will probably take some to that "radical questioning" which Bishop Robinson calls for. What is surprising is that the Hooks, the MacIntyres and the Kaufmanns have managed so far to overlook the Catholic efforts at renewal initiated by Pope John. Surely they could find something to say about the twists and turns of the conciliar debates, especially about the "new insights," "deeper understanding," and "expanded horizons" of the progressive majority. For it is a fairly good rule-of-thumb that whatever appears suspect to the conservative theologian will be just as suspect in the eyes of some non-believers. Each will accuse the innovator of selling out, however different the grounds for their objections may be. That this is so makes everyone's task that much the harder. When everyone begins shouting for honesty, and all condemn self-deception, one can only expect confusion.

So far, thankfully, we haven't reached that point in the Church. The idea of honesty still remains a fresh one. But can we keep it that way? Much will depend upon our ability to be both thorough and creative in our honesty. The way to be thorough is, in the very first instance, to realize how honesty itself can be a form of self-deceit. (The most common example of this in our day is the homage paid to self-confessed egoists: They are at least credited for being "sincere"; the rest of us are hypocrites.) Creativity is even more important. Unless we ruthlessly explore our own motives, biases and hidden impulses, searching in every nook and cranny of our mind and emotions, we are likely to fool ourselves as much as ever.

The best example of creative honesty I have run across recently is a passage in Father Karl Rahner's newly translated collection of essays, *Nature and Grace* (Sheed & Ward, $3.50). After singling out Modernism as one form of "hidden heresy" he goes on to point to another: "[But] much more frequent (although difficult to pin down) is an attitude of mistrust and resentment against the Church's magisterium, a widespread feeling of being suspiciously and narrowly controlled by it in research and teaching, the feeling that 'one can't say what one thinks' (but one is nevertheless justified in thinking it in 'good' conscience). Doesn't one come across the feeling that one can say more (at least among friends) than one can write? Or the attitude that one should be glad that this and that has been said by Protestant theologians outside the Church, and one has to go to them to read it because one could not say it without risk oneself? . . . Isn't there here something like an esoteric teaching which is spread only by word of mouth? Isn't there unformulated heresy which avoids clear exposition in print and works by omissions and one-sided perspectives . . . ?"

That, I say, is honesty; and it hurts. Nor is the pain appreciably lessened when Father Rahner goes on to say that a rigid conservatism can also be a form of heresy: "This freezing of the form in which the truth of the Gospel is expressed is in fact a dangerous symptom of indifference . . . to the truth." One way or another, I fear, Father Rahner's insights on heresy will leave most of us "honest" folks feeling like the emperor when he discovered he was naked.

BUT IT won't do to escape from our nakedness by half-hearted attempts at humor. There is something funny here, but the joke may be on us. Is it in fact possible for Catholics to be wholly honest? I, for one, am not certain. I doubt that the Church is now prepared to accept those who would, willy-nilly, undertake the kind of "radical questioning" which Bishop Robinson has urged upon his fellow Anglicans. Even a serious and solemn attempt would run into a barrage of criticism, if not gaining for its author summary excommunication should he refuse to recant. But the incapacity of the Church to stand this kind of "honesty" is not necessarily a mark against it. The Church teaches with authority. This it could hardly do if it was compelled to put its most central truths up for total debate every time someone felt that honesty compelled him to question them. At the same time, of course, it would be well for the Church, so far as is possible (and that may be much further than we think), to be patient toward its interrogators. Before it dismisses them, let it put some charitable questions to them. Let it take their questions seriously. We desperately need such openness. That way both honesty and truth can be served.

Such encounters will, for the time being, probably be rare. Of greater immediate relevance is the question whether the Church can be honest enough to carry through the renewal sought by the Council. The signs are both good and bad. They are good insofar as there is in practice (if not yet in theory) considerably more freedom for the individual Catholic to speak his mind directly on controverted questions. Many are still fearful of doing so, but it is becoming clear that those who do so do not always encounter the criticism and censure

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their imagination often conjures up before they take their stand. More than one would-be martyr for honesty has found that, instead of the stake, he gets praise, honor and money.

There are many bad signs, however. Among the worst can be found in some speeches praising the work of the Council. Of course the Council will condemn anti-Semitism; the Church has always opposed anti-Semitism. Of course the Church favors religious liberty; it has always been a champion of a free conscience, of a "free Church in a free society." Of course the Council stands for a free press and free speech; only the misinformed could think otherwise. Each of these statements contains a grain of truth and a grain of falsehood, in about equal mixture. But the way statements of this sort have been bandied about, as the whole truth, is sufficient evidence that we still have a way to go to reach even an approximation of honesty.

In fact, however, the situations just mentioned touch only a few of the different occasions in which questions of Catholic honesty could arise. They can arise when there is discrepancy between theory and practice; when there are unvoiced difficulties about living up to a moral teaching of the Church; when some or many people find a particular argument employed by the Church obscure or unconvincing; when doubts exist that a principle is being properly applied; when many believe that a given teaching, tradition or custom needs reform; when a general feeling arises that a new scientific, historical or sociological discovery calls for a fresh look at an old, well-established belief; when there is evidence that an ancient church law has become outmoded; and so on. The possibilities seem almost infinite.

ONE PROBLEM is that different kinds of self-deception (individual or communal) can come into play in different situations, calling, in turn, for different kinds of honesty. Thus the very fact that the Church's teaching on the immorality of contraceptives is a difficult teaching will mean that it will be just that much harder to be honest with oneself about it. The very fact that one might be willing to admit with all candor that it is difficult might, by the very same token, lead one to escapist doubts about the cogency of that position. Is it not likely that someone caught in a desperate conflict of family planning would be the most prone to believe that the Church's teaching *could* change? Or that it *must* be wrong? Or that it is all the fault of the celibate clergy? To go to the other extreme, would not the person who honestly believed the Church's position is irreformable be the one most likely to be dishonest about the kinds of difficulties which can arise (by shaping facts to fit principles)? It is as if, in both cases, sheer honesty about one side of a problem paves the way for dishonesty about another.

If nothing else, then, one should be wary about where one judges honesty to be required, and what kind is needed. It is easy enough to say "everywhere." But it is rarely going to be that easy. It is one thing to be honest about, say, what one thinks the Church teaches. It is still another to be honest about whether one in fact accepts this teaching. And it is something else again to be honest about how one feels about this teaching even while accepting it.

The secular experience with the idea of honesty to which we should be indebted, ought to be a warning. As Peter Berger has well put it, "There are, after all, far more sincere liars than cynical ones, if only because self-deception is psychologically easier than Machiavellianism." To this I would add that much in Catholicism offers an enticement to sincere self-deception. Since authority counts heavily in the Church, and the Church makes strong claims, there is every inducement to convince oneself that one is convinced. At the same time, since the Church is authoritarian those who attempt to exercise their freedom can easily come to believe that the forces of repression are inexorably weighted against them. It thus often happens that those who do have the courage to speak out are far more liable to dote on the rebuffs they receive than the praise. It is as if they can only confirm their freedom by dwelling on the price they have to pay for it. Of course since the price *is* sometimes high, their emphasis may not be misplaced.

Well, then, where are we? The banner of "honesty" has been raised. It is a good banner, just as long as the staff on which it is raised does not have worm holes. That means we must be honest about our honesty; and honest about our honesty about our honesty. . . . I personally can begin by asking whether, at every point, this has been an honest article. I honestly don't know.

Restless in Grammar School

I caught the smiling eyes
Of Terry, ten, and
  taught him
  to surprise
  a rhyme.
If Pope, at ten, could lisp
  in numbers, then,
So could this child.

Outside a winter wind
  was making fuss
About black trees that
  would not fear the storm.
Within the school, the day
  wore warm, and I
Saw from the window
  patterns in the sky.

SISTER MARY FAITH, O.S.B.

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Neutralize Southeast Asia?

De Gaulle on Vietnam

RONALD STEEL

CHARLES DE GAULLE's decision to recognize Peking, coupled with his proposal to neutralize Southeast Asia, has struck official Washington with the full force of an unrepentant heresy. France's action is variously described as having dealt a mortal blow to SEATO, NATO, CENTO, the Alliance for Progress, etc., opened the floodgates of Asia to the tide of Communism, and/or subverted American diplomacy and with it our leadership of what John Foster Dulles used to call the Free World. Curses and moans are the order of the day along the Potomac, where the Administration, like a spinster at the marriage of her younger sister, is seething with resentment over what it considers another betrayal of its various Grand Designs by its favorite arch-villain.

Licking the wounds of its battered pride, the State Department has been consumed with indignation over the actions of That Man in Paris. But, as so often in the past, its arguments have a distressing—although by now expected—tendency to be more self-righteous than convincing. In the land of the diplomatic cliché, the most predictable phrasemaker is king. The rest of us, however, before joining in the Greek chorus over Gaullist perfidy, might for our own benefit take a dispassionate look at what De Gaulle has done in Asia, and what it is he hopes to accomplish.

First, he has recognized that the real government of China is the one that has ruled the country from Peking since 1948, and not the one that languishes in Formosa on subsidies provided by the American taxpayer. This stunning act of political adventurism follows a similar action taken by Her Majesty's government many years ago. In all fairness should not the chant of Gaullist treachery be supplemented by a resounding chorus of "Perfidious Albion"? While the Democratic Administration, although it has been in power for more than three years, has not shown the slightest intention of discarding an irrational China policy inherited from its predecessors, it blithely assumes that the Europeans must forever remain prisoners of our own China Lobby. President Johnson may be afraid to admit that there is something lying between Korea and Pakistan that Washington's political maps don't show, but De Gaulle and Sir Alec are not obliged to put on the same blinkers.

Second, by establishing political ties with Peking, De Gaulle has sought to open a dialogue with China that to his mind offers the only way of stabilizing the West's disintegrating situation in Southeast Asia. His position is quite simple: it rests upon the belief, as Couve de Murville recently explained, that "the United States is unlikely to do with 20,000 men what France was unable to do in eight years with 200,000 men." De Gaulle is convinced that the U.S. is simply repeating France's tragic error by trying to impose a military solution upon what is essentially a political problem; that the war in Vietnam is not so much one of the Communist North against the "free" South, but a rebellion within South Vietnam itself against a government whose only source of support is the American money and weapons that stand behind it. Since the U.S. is considerably more interested in fighting the war against the Communist guerrillas than is the Saigon government itself, the rebellion has turned into a second colonial war with America taking France's place in an effort to impose a friendly regime upon an increasingly hostile people.

Washington is not unaware of the political aspects of this struggle. It has read the manuals of Ho Chi Minh and Che Guevara, but unfortunately it is trying to apply their lesson in reverse. The newly-ordained guerrilla warfare experts along the Potomac seem to believe that the present ruling junta in Saigon will win universal adoration if only the Vietnamese people can be shown that their generals have friends in Washington. Thus Secretary McNamara puts on his khaki shirt for a barnstorming tour of South Vietnam, jumping out of helicopters to kiss babies and reassure stunned peasants that the Pentagon stands four-square behind its man in Saigon. Like a small town mayor receiving the blessing of a touring governor, General Khanh told newsmen, "We would make a good team." The Vietnamese no doubt thought so, too, but the lesson they drew from it may not be the one Washington intended. Treated to a parade of American officials come to embrace their generals, trained by white soldiers, and equipped by the United States to fight a war against their own rebels, might they not assume that this is our war and not theirs?

IT IS in the mire of this increasingly hopeless civil war that De Gaulle's proposals come like a draught of fresh air. The aims of Paris, despite its radically different ap-

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proach, are not so very different from those of Washington. Both wish to stabilize southeast Asia and establish cohesive states which will have sufficient internal support to maintain their independence in the shadow of the Chinese colossus. They disagree totally, however, on methods: American officials are trying to achieve through force of arms what De Gaulle believes can be accomplished, if at all, only by an enlightened diplomacy. His judgment is based not only upon the bitter lesson of France's own colonial experience in Indochina, but upon the conviction that there can be no peace in Asia without China's acquiescence.

Despite France's extensive economic and cultural interests in Indochina, De Gaulle has let the United States have a relatively free hand in Vietnam. During the past few months, however, under the impact of the political disintegration in Saigon, the breakdown of the truce in Laos, and the edgings of a fearful Cambodia toward Peking, he has decided that the need for a political solution has become desperate. Convinced that Washington is following a policy which will lead to the communization of all Southeast Asia, De Gaulle is trying to salvage what he can before the war spreads to North Vietnam or until a pro-Communist coup topples the right-wing regime in Saigon. Rejecting the Pentagon's military blueprints as irrelevant to what is essentially a political struggle, he hopes to reach a settlement with China for a neutral southeast Asia from which Western influence will not be excluded.

What De Gaulle is proposing is not simply the neutralization of South Vietnam, but that of all Southeast Asia *beginning* with South Vietnam—a neutralization guaranteed by the major powers. As he explained in his January 31 press conference announcing the restoration of diplomatic ties with Peking: "There is no political reality in Asia . . . which does not interest or touch China. Neither war nor peace is imaginable on this continent without China's becoming implicated. Thus it is absolutely inconceivable that without her participation there can be any accord on the eventual neutrality of Southeast Asia . . . a neutrality which, by definition, must be accepted by all, under international guarantee, and which would exclude armed agitation, supported by one side or the other, as well as outside intervention; a neutrality which seems to be, in the present situation, the only solution compatible with the peaceful life and progress of the people of the area."

While the Administration finds such an effort fanciful, it publicly muses over the possibility of extending the war to North Vietnam. This rests upon the assumption that there is no civil war in the south, but only Communist aggression from the north—an aggression which can be halted by bombing cities and supply bases. The fact that intervention from North Vietnam has yet to be proved does not seem to diminish enthusiasm for this theory. But it is a policy so unrealistic that most officials in Washington privately admit it to be as futile as it is provocative. Not only would it fail to strike at the real source of Communist strength—which is not northern supply bases but a South Vietnamese population so hostile to its own government that it looks upon the Communist-led rebels as liberators—but would likely force China to come to Hanoi's aid in a ghastly repetition of the Korean war.

The Administration is admittedly riding a tiger it does not know how to dismount. It has sunk billions of dollars into supporting a government which has already collapsed twice in the past few months. It has sent American soldiers to die in defense of an army which has no desire to win and does not know why it is fighting. It has helped compromise the uneasy truce in Laos and driven Cambodia to dissociate herself violently from the United States. And it has committed American prestige to an area where we have neither the power to impose a viable military settlement nor the flexibility to negotiate a political truce. With an election looming on the horizon the Johnson Administration is highly vulnerable to Republican attack for its inept handling of foreign affairs, yet it is afraid to change course for fear that will only supply more ammunition to be used against it. It has become the prisoner of its own mistakes, and those of its predecessors, and it does not have the courage to face an embarrassing reality.

Trapped in a policy which even its advocates do not claim can lead to anything more than an armed stalemate, Washington sinks ever deeper into the bottomless pit of the Vietnamese civil war. Hypnotized by the military aspects of the struggle, it can see no other. Not only does it consider the possibility of extending the war to the north, it greets Senator Mansfield's proposal for neutralization as a stab in the back, and it excoriates De Gaulle for asking the question it dare not raise itself. Yet as Walter Lippmann, as well as Senator Mansfield and others, has pointed out, the only hope for stability in Southeast Asia lies in the neutralization of the entire area under international guarantees. Only under such a neutralization can there be any possibility of creating independent governments with the internal strength and the popular support to resist Communist infiltration. There

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is no guarantee that neutralization will work and that the small states along China's frontier can forever resist the dominance of their powerful neighbor. Probably the best we can hope for is the transformation of Indochina into a kind of Finland—or Mexico. But the opposite is certainly true: that there can be no peace in Asia so long as Indochina is used as a military bastion by the great powers in their conduct of the cold war.

IN OUR obsessive suspicion of Gaullist motives, it is easy to ignore that his efforts to neutralize Southeast Asia through an agreement with China are very much to our own interests. If successful, his plan offers the one way by which we can disengage ourselves from what has become a disastrous over-extension of our prestige and a misguided understanding of our own vital interests without becoming involved in a war against China or suffering a humiliating forced withdrawal. Perhaps De Gaulle will not be able to gain the neutralization of Southeast Asia even with our support—the time is very late and our position has deteriorated very rapidly—but it is certain that he cannot do so if we insist on blocking the way. While the Administration is right when it says France no longer has the power to decree a settlement in Indochina, it refuses to recognize that only a France with diplomatic ties to Peking can do for Washington what it is no longer capable of doing for itself.

Time is running out fast in South Vietnam. Without Washington's cooperation, De Gaulle does not have the leverage with which to hammer out a new Indochinese settlement. If his efforts fail we are likely to experience yet another coup in Saigon, this time by a neutralist regime which will order the Americans out and open direct negotiations with Ho Chi Minh to end the war and unify their divided country. In our enthusiasm for prosecuting the struggle against the Communist guerrillas we seem to have lost sight of the fact that no foreign power can win a civil war for a people who have turned against their own government and who look upon the government's friends as their enemies. The dangers of neutralization are considerable and its chances dubious; but the dangers of continuing a hopeless war are even greater, for an anti-American coup is the solution most guaranteed to humiliate the United States and to trigger a violent political reaction here at home. The Administration thinks it can forestall a coup by vigilance in Saigon, but can it win a war the Vietnamese no longer want to fight? Washington is being offered a helping hand off the tiger. If it refuses to dismount, then we must all be prepared to go wherever the tiger may take us.

Modernization of Church Legislation

Revising Canon Law

J. D. CONWAY

NOT LONG before his death, Pope John established a commission of thirty cardinals to overhaul Church legislation for the first time in two generations. Pope Paul has since named additional cardinals to the panel. The Code of Canon Law, which they will revise, was promulgated in 1917 after thirteen years of combing and updating the legislation of Trent and decrees dating back to the twelfth century—a backbreaking job, and one that needs to be repeated. Only a few minor changes have been made in the Code, and the law has 47 years' worth of political, social, economic and ecclesiastical changes to catch up with.

Our guess as to the changes which the new commission will make can hardly be more than casually educated. We have guide lines in the frequent appeals of Pope John for a pastoral orientation of all Church forms and activities, and in his encouragement of freedom, social justice and the ecumenical spirit.

Pope Paul VI has given us sound reason to believe that he endorses these objectives and ideals of his predecessor. However, lawyers are by instinct and training careful and conservative. Who can predict how far they will go in the directions indicated?

Certainly Vatican Council II will lay down guide lines for the code commission, but apart from liturgical reforms and the use of communications media these lines are not yet definite. And liturgy is beyond the scope of the present Code. It is predictable that the concept of the collegiality of bishops and increased emphasis on their national conferences will influence future legislation. However, the direction and extent of this influence can be known only after the Council has completed its work on the Church schema.

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We may gain some insight into possible canonical reforms by consulting two important bodies of Church legislation which have appeared in recent years: the Code for the Oriental Churches, and the Roman Synod, even if they help us little in predicting future changes in our Code.

In 1929 Pope Pius XI appointed a commission to codify the diverse disciplines of the Eastern Churches into unified law, following the plan of our Code. This delicate task is still in progress, but five sections of the Oriental Code have been promulgated in the course of the past sixteen years. They incorporate various changes required by Eastern customs, but otherwise have altered our Code very little, except that the Greeks have polished our Latin style.

If the new commission uses the Roman Synod as guide, our Code will grow in size, will include statements of dogmatic, moral and pastoral principles, and will be often exhortatory rather than imperative. Frankly we do not expect this to happen on an extensive scale. It would be a break with tradition more abrupt than canonists could tolerate.

However, prospects are that the attitude of Pope John and Pope Paul, combined with the pastoral concern manifested by the Fathers in Council, will produce many changes designed to facilitate the care of souls, to improve relations with our separated brethren, and to adapt the ancient discipline to the needs of the modern world. These alterations will be made, however, without greatly changing the general format or the legal tenor of our present Code.

My predictions of particular changes are largely the product of wishful thinking, but in many of them I am joined by canonical confreres. I first drafted my list of changes canon by canon, but it tended to be technical and ran to a score of pages. So I here group and generalize:

The ecumenical spirit would indicate that persons baptized and raised in Protestant churches—those who have never been Catholics—should be explicitly exempt from the laws of the Church. The present Code exempts them rarely.

Ancient privileges, retained in principle by the present Code, should be completely rethought in the light of modern pastoral needs. These privileges jealously retained by many groups, orders and individuals, should not be permitted to interfere with normal channels of jurisdiction or with effective ministry to souls. The age of privilege should be past.

Provision should be made for more efficient use of priests and religious: arrangements for their loan or transfer from areas of abundance to regions of great need.

Pope John has already changed some laws regarding cardinals. Reverence for history and respect for non-Latin churches postulate the restoration of the ancient Patriarchs to their pristine dignity. The Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem should be degraded. I believe the Latin patriarchates of the other ancient sees are vacant, but even the titles should be suppressed. They revive bad memories of the Crusades.

It would hardly harm the Church if the gaudy garb and pompous titles of Monsignors were to disappear. And Their Excellencies, our Lord Bishops, might defeudalize their titles. Chapters of Cathedral Canons are even more expendable than Monsignors in the process of modernizing the Church. The Code presumes them to be the normal advisory boards for bishops, whereas they are unknown in much of the Catholic world outside of Europe. Their privileges and their prebends are even less edifying than their desultory chant. The Diocesan Consultors should be recognized as the normal advisory board, not relegated to a role of substitutes.

There are 195 canons of laws for Religious. A new section must be added to outline the rules, rights and privileges of secular institutes. Other laws—or at least exhortatory canons—should be introduced to encourage the ideals of Sister Formation, and the general adaptation of garb, goals and government to the needs of the modern apostolate.

THE POOR laity get only two canons exclusively their own. There are 44 canons in the section on the laity, but 42 of them deal with third-orders, archconfraternities, and the like. Of the other two, Can. 682 declares that the laity have the right to receive from the clergy spiritual helps necessary to salvation; and Can. 683 forbids a layman to wear clerical garb. We may hope that the emerging layman, his active part in the life and worship of the Church, and his role in the apostolate will be given adequate legal recognition. And it would be helpful if the wings of a few archconfraternities were clipped in the process.

More than four hundred canons of the second book of the Code deal with Sacraments and Sacramentals, including the Mass. Various changes will be needed to accommodate the law to the liturgical reforms of Vatican II. Extreme Unction will become the Anointing of the Sick. The hours at which Mass may be said have already been changed, as have the rules for fasting for Mass and Holy Communion. The new Code will incorporate these changes and maybe make some more.

Prayerful thought should be given to the advisability of abolishing the whole system of Mass stipends. And surely we can find modern means of supporting our pastors, our bishops and the pope without all the annoying fees, taxes and "offerings" which are now expected for all favors, dispensations and indults, and on the occasion of baptism, marriage, and even, in some areas, confirmation. The present system is not edifying, and it has an unsavory history of abuses.

Indeed, the whole present system of governing by

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indults should be abolished. Indults result largely from the bureaucracy of the Roman Curia. American Catholics have shown themselves generous and loyal to the Holy See, but we prefer other methods of making our contributions. We hope that the Vatican Council will define the powers which the bishops rightly have through their Apostolic office; and that the revised law will grant them any further authority they may need for the good of souls. The bishops are better judges of local needs, both temporal and spiritual, than the chair-bound functionaries of some Roman Congregation.

Discussions in the second session of Vatican II make it clear that the exercise of jurisdiction by national conferences of bishops causes fear to many local ordinaries; but at least a limited measure of such jurisdiction would be highly acceptable to laymen who already complain of local diversities in fast and abstinence, in participation in the Mass, and in similar customs and discipline. We do not want an ironclad uniformity, but some measure of authoritative control will certainly be needed to keep our new English liturgy from becoming confusion compounded.

In connection with Holy Orders and Matrimony there is one ancient juridical concept which might well be scuttled: illegitimacy. It is contrary to the dignity and natural rights of the human person to be marked for life as a second-class member of the Church because of circumstances completely beyond his control.

Canon 1020 is a perfectly good and necessary law demanding prudent pastoral investigation of the freedom of parties to marry, and of their right intentions in contracting marriage. But a 1941 instruction of the Congregation of Sacraments has been adopted with such formalistic rigidity in many of our American dioceses that it has become a monster, taking valuable time from busy pastors, making marriage preparations a forbidding nuisance for the parties, and giving offense to their relatives, especially those who are not Catholic.

Much has been spoken and written lately about new rules for mixed marriages. It is possible that the revised law may make allowances for the diverse needs of different nations, as far as divine law permits. Protestants are asking that we do away with the pre-nuptial promises and that we recognize the validity of a Protestant-Catholic marriage contracted before a minister. Ecumenical progress would be favored by eliminating these sore thorns of irritation. But both problems are complicated. I believe the promises might be eliminated if Catholics were sufficiently instructed in their obligations. Certainly some understanding, respectful of conscience, must be achieved before the marriage is contracted.

The Church has had centuries of experience with marriages contracted without juridical form. Without carefuly study of this experience and an evaluation of its applicability to modern conditions, it would be imprudent to eliminate Canon 1094, which requires for validity that a Catholic be married before a priest. The present situation is far from ideal, often resulting in "trial marriages" to be later validated if they work out all right. But my thinking on this subject is conditioned by my work as *Officialis:* I can imagine some tricky problems of nullity; and some sad, irreparable situations resulting from hasty marriages outside the Church.

At least Canon 1062 should disappear. It stresses the obligation of the Catholic spouse to seek, in prudent manner, the conversion of the non-Catholic partner. It merely states a natural obligation of justice and charity, and states it much too simply. The mutual obligation of spouses requires that each have deep respect, tolerance, patience and love for the religious convictions of the other. And any pastor knows how this blunt statement about conversion provokes antagonism when it is needlessly—but frequently—incorporated in the pre-nuptial promises. And many a good Protestant husband has suffered a lingering martyrdom by the nagging efforts of his wife to convert him.

Canon 1013, which defines the purposes—the philosophical ends—of marriage, should be worded with greater delicacy. The primary purpose, procreation and education of children, clearly relegates to second rank the mutual love, happiness and welfare of the spouses. And these secondary purposes are further slighted by defining them as "mutual aid and the remedy of concupiscence." Even though law is not romantic it should be able to recognize in marriage something more human, positive, spiritual and amorous.

THE ENTIRE system of Indulgences should be revised with a view to simplicity: to remove from this spiritual sphere the scandal of intricate legalism. And in so far as hardy souls may dare, the commission should remove all special privileges granted to persons, places, religious orders, and the rest—along with the privilege of communicating these privileges to others. (My repetition is intentional.) Pope Pius XI performed a bit of painful surgery for this purpose in the early thirties, but the excision was not thorough, and the malignancy has largely returned.

The laws of fasting and abstinence should be exhortatory. They could be strongly persuasive, and yet leave the penance voluntary. Some of my colleagues would not go so far; they suggest that the laws bind *sub levi*, meaning that a violation would be a venial sin. In any case it should be noted that privileges granted at the time of the Crusades do not apply to the modern world.

And what about holy days? Our efforts to observe four of them are now a mad scramble: hurried Masses before or after work, or during the noon hour. And why should the octave day of Christmas be a holy day? If we observe it as New Year's Day why not say so? And of course there should be a complete re-definition of

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servile work. Medieval concepts are outmoded. My suggestion: we should rest on Sunday from that work by which we earn our living during the week.

It should be made clear that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass may be publicly offered for Protestants. At present we apply to them the restrictions of Can. 2262, considering them excommunicated. For such person a priest may offer Mass privately—but not with public announcement. Actually most Protestants are not excommunicated. You must commit a crime to incur such penalty. Just suppose—and may God avert it—that a Protestant President were to be assassinated. Would he be deprived of all those Masses said publicly for President Kennedy?

As regards our passive participation in Protestant religious services Can. 1258 is very severe. It allows little freedom for those who live in a pluralistic society. Inspired by the ecumenical movement a new law should indicate the manner in which Catholics may participate in the weddings and funerals of their Protestant neighbors—and relatives. There have been private responses of the Holy See indicating that even the best man and maid of honor do not actively participate in the public worship service of a Protestant denomination. By inference bridesmaids, groomsmen and ushers should not be restricted.

Our present laws on the prohibition of books are a scandal to intellectuals and an offense to modern ideals of the maturity and responsibility of the individual. They create great problems for conscientious professors, librarians and students. And in many countries, we understand, they are little observed.

Here is an area in which we might use the exhortatory laws of the Roman Synod: appeal to prudence and to the natural law, lay down guide lines for conscience, but get rid of the Inquisition, and especially of its methods. Pope John says: "The dignity of the human person also requires that every man enjoy the right to act freely and responsibly" (*Pacem in terris*).

There is good reason to believe that the commission which prepared the Code intended to abrogate the ancient Index of Forbidden Books. The Code made no reference to it, and some commentators of high repute held it to be a dead letter. But subsequent practice of the Holy See nullified these opinions; new editions of the Index have been issued ignoring the Code's snub. This time the commission may make certain that this ridiculous relic is consigned to the limbo of antiques.

In general, the present discipline of prior censorship should be retained. Books of Scripture, sacred theology, canon law and devotion have a character at least semi-official, and should be issued under Church authority. It is not apparent why ethics, natural theology and Church history need this official stamp when they are written and published by laymen. Prior censorship, properly administered, can be a positive help to the clerical author and the lay theologian, and is a legitimate exercise of the apostolic magisterium. However, loopholes like that of Can. 1394 should be eliminated: providing that for serious cause the reasons for denying an imprimatur may be concealed from the author. In some minds serious causes may abound.

The entire fourth book of the Code—643 canons—deals with legal procedures, most of them judicial, some administrative. It needs complete revision. Legally it is beautiful; for the average diocese it is impractical. We use it mostly for marriage cases, and the result is usually several years of delay. Substantive justice and the welfare of souls should guide its revision. Formalities of procedure should be retained only as they serve these goals. It would seem advisable in the United States that we establish either provincial or circuit courts. The average small diocese does not have the professional personnel to maintain an efficient court. The result is often justice denied by delay or default.

Also we need a better organized system of courts of appeal, staffed by the various dioceses involved, and especially a court of appeals in third instance here in the United States. Madrid has its Rota. Why can't we?

The fifth book of the Code—219 canons—deals with crimes and punishments. It needs to be radically simplified and modernized. This would save seminarians valuable time, liberate confessors from confusion, diminish scruples, and remove another vestige of medievalism from our discipline.

In conclusion, out of respect for *Pacem in terris,* and in reparation for past sins, there should be a strong law forbidding all discrimination by reason of race, class, or color in our churches, schools and Catholic societies—even in fraternal ones. There should be brotherhood there too.

Traveling West in Winter

What are the metaphors of flowering
and who's to know where blooming ends?
As on this winter evening we travel
westward with the light. The road
bends, cranked and hard (blackness
of crazy coathanger twisted tight
to fit the snow-packed fields and hills) . . .
or, this dead stem that leads the eye
up toward a sky that in another hour
will turn to a field of stars which blow
like frozen daisies in the night.

As sudden as the car turns with the road,
the sun has grown a vast and silent flower
of redness beyond this barren winter stalk,
delicate and fresh as any dream of roses.

JACK MATTHEWS

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THE STAGE

Barbra Streisand: That's Enough

THERE IS nothing more obnoxious about our theater than the star system, with its glorification of emptinesses, but if Barbra Streisand has to be thought of from now on as a star, I suppose there is no help for it. There is after all no point in insisting that she is *not* a star, even though the itch is great to find some way of distinguishing her from Sandy Dennis, Elizabeth Ashley and Jane Fonda. Well, whatever *they* are, Miss Streisand is beyond doubt the most talented all-purpose performer to have emerged in many years, a virtuoso of astonishing range and infinite nuance who wholly deserves every bit of the celebrity that has come to her.

What is so impressive about this twenty-two-year-old girl is the way she unites comedic and musical gifts, her scope in the latter area extending, moreover, from the rockem-sockem to the torchy to the open and sweet. She is a master of timing, a marvelously supple mime, a vastly energetic cavorter through space whenever there is nothing specific to perform. Her presence is that of a veteran twice her age; her physical appearance—huge-nosed, ungainly, a provocation to the DAR—has a capacity for transfiguration into a very rare and subtle beauty, which is that of the intellect and spirit correcting all disproportion.

To insert such richness into the deadly formulas and coerced animation of a musical comedy like "Funny Girl" is a palpable crime, but of course crimes of this kind are coming more and more to pay off on Broadway, the instance before this one being Bert Lahr vs. the inanities of "Foxy." In the case of "Funny Girl" you cannot help being an accessory; if you want Miss Streisand you have to take the rest of the dreary business along with her, you have to find some way of getting through the intervals when she is not on stage. During those times, which, it has to be said, are as infrequent as is consistent with Miss Streisand's physical survival, "Funny Girl" instantly collapses into the most banal and dispiriting of proceedings, unfunny, unmusical, without inspiration of any kind.

The specific trouble with the production (the general trouble has been outlined immediately above) is its refusal to be honest about its subject, which is Fanny Brice, her early life on the stage and her romance with and subsequent marriage to Nicky Arnstein, the notorious gambler. Any sort of biography of Miss Brice which sedulously hides the fact that she was Jewish and that Arnstein was a gangster (he is here a lovable playboy) is going to be in difficulty, but "Funny Girl" stretches the danger. Still, Miss Streisand has such resources that it would take more than Jules Styne and Bob Merrill, who wrote the music and lyrics, and Isobel Lennart, who is responsible for the book, to keep her from exercising her life-saving talents. She may not be able to give us Fanny Brice, but she is eminently capable of giving us herself, and it would be hard to imagine anyone in his right mind and sensibility refusing that. *(At the Winter Garden)*

RICHARD GILMAN

THE SCREEN

Strange Bedfellows

IF YOU take a dim view of national political conventions, it is likely to grow dimmer after you see "The Best Man." This is the movie version of Gore Vidal's popular and witty stage play which had audiences lining up its characters with various politicians some four years ago. Although the screenplay, again written by Vidal, is rather talky for the cinema medium, it is even funnier than the original. It has been updated some and will, no doubt, send movie audiences to conjecture who is supposed to be who—especially when all the cheering and whoop-la of this summer's conventions start.

For all its bright satire and humor, "The Best Man" is a very bitter and cynical affair. Its plot, when boiled down to essentials, confronts two opponents for the Presidential nomination, but neither of them is exactly admirable. The better of the two (Henry Fonda), who places his faith more in "us" than in God, is a skirt chaser who has neglected his wife (Margaret Leighton) but now implores her to stand by him and make everything look respectable. The other main Presidential-hopeful (Cliff Robertson) is an unscrupulous opportunist posing as a boy crusader. Familiar with all the tricks of the trade and not afraid to use them, he plans to publicize his chief opponent's nervous breakdown of some years ago. Just at this moment, Fonda learns that *his* rival has a story of homosexuality in his past.

Considering that "The Best Man" has more dialogue (and snappy, amusing talk it is) than action, Franklin Schaffner has directed the good cast well. Fonda and Robertson are fine as the battling candidates; and the people around them come through with sparkling effects too, especially Lee Tracy, as the retiring and ailing President who favors Fonda but insists that power is not a toy we give children and finally decides "to hell with both of you," and Ann Sothern, as a party worker (party not named) and columnist who sticks her nose into everything but cannot be ignored. One advantage that the movie has over the play is that it can show the absurd carryings-on that take place in the convention hall itself. That they are not exaggerated, you will see come summer. Unfortunately, however, the movie ends like the play with a weak compromise. All of which makes one wonder how we ever do get a good President. But it's not this satire's intention to answer that.

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A COUPLE of off-beat films are also on our screens. They're not something you have to rush to, but they may give you a little pleasure. Jerome Hill, who turned up with a charming little item called "The Sand Castle" several years ago, has now produced, written and directed "Open the Door and See All the People." The new movie goes much farther out and becomes so wacky it almost doesn't make sense; but during the course of its story about quite different twin sisters (both played by Maybelle Nash) it displays a delightful mood of bouncing fun. The actors' zany illogical logic is almost contagious; and the viewer who doesn't try to work too hard to make the pieces fit may get some good laughs and feel like bouncing too.

I'M NOT sure where "The Grand Olympics" has been hiding since the Italians made this documentary at the 1960 summer Olympiad, but in any case it's being released now to whet our interest in this summer's meet in Tokyo. The film was photographed in color and although some of the hues are uneven, some of the shots are gorgeous and should appeal to moviegoers even if they aren't sports fans. Many of the views of the Roman arena and the events, day and night, are quite effective. And some of the shots of competitions away from the arena, with the gymnasts, the divers, the horsemen, are stunning. Sport enthusiasts will no doubt lap the whole picture up. I found its two-hour running time rather long, and I kept wishing there had been more of those good close-ups of the bicyclists, the wrestlers, the runners—so that one had a feeling of people not just vague figures in the distance. Of course the film's editors were limited by what was shot at the Olympics, and much of what was shot is well worth seeing. Better take the kids when you go. I cheered for Don Bragg, Wilma Rudolph, Rafer Johnson, and other Americans, but I found myself cheering most for Abebe Bikila, that plucky barefooted Ethiopian who won the 26½-mile Marathon. The shots of him and Rome around him are magnificent.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

CORRESPONDENCE

"The Monk in the Diaspora"

San Antonio, Tex.

TO THE EDITORS: It is ironic that a trappist should be the one to break silence in "The Monk in the Diaspora." Many other male religious could have sounded a similar thesis from within their own closed societies or orders.

Perhaps the most tragic aspect of the closed-off religious order is the mass of power at the hands of the officials and functionaries to repress such expressions as Father Louis made. The seminary system has been able to give the Church a safe clergy. Now the Church needs articulate priests (even in the pulpit) and the "safe priest" is not too helpful in explaining the abandonment to God faith implies. The Negro apostolate and others simply deteriorate without the priest who can love the Church with the same passion and gentleness with which The Priest loves his Bride. What we need is an end to what someone called ecclesiastical birth control. This "safe method" prevents the seeds of the Spirit from dropping into fertile soil.

Most orders and societies of male religious are excessively bureaucratic when the conventual Mass is a legal obligation which is farmed out to some altar remote from the community. Recently one of the larger orders came out with a short monitum to reassure its members that the constitution on the liturgy would not shake up the usual ritualistic way in which the office is garbled. This is an order which prides itself as the standard bearer of the ancient motto, *Sentire cum ecclesia.* These men will keep Prime, thank you! One wonders why it will not be just as simple for these men to pervert the rest of the document or perhaps even the rest of the work of the Council. Indeed, to quote Father Louis, "it is quite likely that many religious institutes will simply cease to exist." However, the corpse may be with us for some time.

Christ did not call us to fear, yet there seems to be such fear. Fear of growth, very real fear of decline, but most of all, I think, a fear to let the Spirit blow as it will. We saw other priests take it on the chin at Catholic University and we sat quiet. We get the thought of de Chardin through the kindness of a lay friend of the great man, because it may have been a reasonable doubt that the same clerics who sent him to the desert would have published his thought. Recently a priest friend of mine was refused permission to publish an article on the meaning of community because it was deemed inopportune. But unless some serious work in the area of community is done, how can the order be revitalized? It seems to me that we must know the truth before it can set us free from the fear that paralyzes us.

When Franciscans think of rejuvenation they think about what it means to be a friar to man. What is a friar and what must be done now by the friars? Father Louis advocates that those who do the rejuvenation must be authentic monks, spiritual fathers. Yes, but right now we are not even asking the right questions or granted the freedom necessary to think and write before the action. In the meantime, few will be convinced that the Church must wait for ancient and not-too-venerable orders to set their house in order according to the dictates of Vatican II décor.

Originally St. Francis wanted to live the Gospel simply. It would be difficult to imagine a man of the character of St. Francis listening with relish while the "spiritual director" explained the evangelical ideal of poverty in relation to the middle-class man as the norm.

There are very delicate matters which need discussion

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and most of all, new solutions. But how can this be done unless the male religious stops indulging in the childish joy of mocking female religious garb, lays aside his own quaint medieval brown bathrobe—or whatever he is flouncing around in—and does the manly job of building the community of Francis or Dominic again because it has fallen into ill-repair. First, of course, one must sit down and plan carefully how the job is to be done or we will become the laughing stock, rightfully. Yet, implicit in this need is the removal of the current fear to speak publicly, write openly and theorize freely. Unfortunately the keys to this dilemma are in the hands of the same men who have been using their power in a manner that the fear has been created by their actions.

Well, there is always some article like "The Monk in the Diaspora" we can read under the covers when the TV tube goes off in the so-called community room.

(Rev.) JOGUES EPPLE

"The Pill"

Cambridge, Mass.

TO THE EDITORS: One aspect of the recent controversy over the Janssens article on the morality of steroids on which your editorial [March 20] did not touch, was the degree to which moral consensus on this question was controlled, even before the news broke.

Two weeks before the Janssens article reached the U.S. public, Father John C. Ford, S.J., wrote a rebuttal to it, without identifying it, and released his column to the NCWC news service. Although nobody quite knew who Father Ford was hatcheting, it was very clear that Father Ford regarded someone as stepping beyond the bounds of Catholic orthodoxy. Unlike Father Janssens and many other European moralists, Father Ford takes Pius XII's statements against the newly discovered drug as apodictic and definitive. Father Ford believes no theologian is at liberty to teach a different doctrine than that expressed by Pius XII.

Similarly, Father Edward Duff, S.J., in his original RNS column on the long article by Janssens, never gave Janssens' argument a chance. The public statements of Father John J. Lynch, S.J., like Father Duff also at Weston College, had the same ring of condemnation, and for the same reason; Fr. Lynch was quoted in the *Catholic Reporter* as saying that the approach to marriage questions taken by Father Janssens is "getting out of hand, theologically speaking," and that "it may eventually take a statement by the Holy See to straighten out the whole thing."

The same source quotes Father Lynch as giving two arguments against Janssens: "Totally invalid and impossible to reconcile with present accepted theological principles." Similarly, Father Francis J. Connell, C.SS.R., long the dean of American moralists, asked if the Janssens position could be reconciled with the Church's present position, replied: "Impossible. We would have to throw out the last four hundred years of theological development." Father Daniel V. Flynn, head of the theology department at St. Joseph's seminary in Yonkers, said that the acceptance of Janssens' argument could mean a "whole re-thinking of the natural law."

What is striking to the interested observer is that moral theologians in Northern Europe seem to conceive of their role as one quite different from that which emerges from such comments as those above. I believe it may fairly be said that European moralists regard themselves as teachers of the popes and bishops, as those who blaze the trail and go out ahead, "re-thinking the natural law" and also the past statements of the popes. In one area, at least, an American has conceived his role in that way: Father Murray, S.J., has shown how and for what reasons the *Syllabus of Errors* of Pius IX was conditioned by the times. Such efforts as his helped make possible *Pacem in Terris.*

Laymen, whose consciences are at stake, have a right to know that a development of doctrine is going on, in marital morality as in other areas. We cannot yet prejudge which of the contending positions will be the one to win the allegiance of most moralists, bishops, and the Holy See. But there is good reason to believe that the earlier statement of Pius XII was a stop-gap measure, which, after discussion has matured, may or may not be repeated. Laymen in America should not be under-privileged. They have a right to know that the discussion is going on in Europe, and that the respected principle of authority is not invoked there so quickly as here. And, as your editorial pointed out, they surely have a right to a free, open discussion among American moralists, young as well as old, renowned as well as yet unheard-from. The public consensus does not seem to exist in private conversation.

MICHAEL NOVAK

"Catholic Social Thought"

Bloomington, Ind.

TO THE EDITORS: Mr. O'Gara's excellent column of March 6 ["Catholic Social Thought"] here hits at the hub of a problem. It is simply that Catholic higher education is vocational first and foremost, with Christian social thought second.

Let us assume a properly talented Catholic lay student wishes to seriously pursue the study and teaching of Catholic social thought. He can't—because there is no such profession or vocation recognized in the Catholic school system, or elsewhere—with the odd exceptions of such institutions as Harvard and some others. It is accounting yes, Catholic social thought, no

Of course, there are Catholic theologians, philosophers and social scientists who do a good job in this area, but they are virtually as rare as the Catholic general. And, they do a good job simply because they have ad-

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Christian Unity

"Christianity is not just a religion of love; rather, it is a religion of love in truth. And that means no one will slight the truth for the sake of unity. For all the early fears of those who saw any encounter of Christian with Christian as an opening to indifferentism, however, nothing of the kind has happened. The ecumenical movement has thrust all Christians back to their deepest roots; not shallow syncretism, but a more solid grasp of ecclesial self-identity: that has been a vital result of Christian dialogue.

"There is still a vast distance to go in that direction. As the Second Vatican Council has shown, the Catholic Church still does not possess a full understanding of itself. What is the Church? What is the priesthood? What is tradition? Who are the bishops? The answers we find in our old catechism no longer suffice. For their part, Protestants have discovered that they can claim no greater self-knowledge. We are all ignorant of what it means to be a Christian; or, rather, we know and do not know.

"It is this last problem which suggests most forcefully the possibility of Christian cooperation. The world which confronts mankind in the twentieth century is a world as new to Christians as it is to all other men. No church can claim a monopoly of wisdom in prescribing cures for the ills which afflict it. More than that, no church can afford to neglect the efforts of other Christians in attempting to make some sense of it. Protestants and Orthodox can learn from recent papal encyclicals. Catholics can learn from the social thought of the World Council of Churches. Racial discrimination, urban poverty and the degradation of slums, overpopulation, the challenge of Marxism—the list is endless, and it is meaningless to talk of these things as 'Catholic' or 'Protestant' problems. They concern all Christians.

"In the past, the churches have suffered the agonies of the day apart. Now we must suffer these agonies together. 'Father, that they may be one so that the world may believe.'"

—The Commonweal, January 24, 1964

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ditionally immersed themselves in another discipline, namely, political science in the traditional, and Catholic, sense, which alone can enable them to properly understand Catholic social philosophy. Here, one must reply to all theologians, philosophers, ethicians who claim their discipline is sufficient for the task—that they are not only wrong, but a prime cause of the difficulty. Political Science, which is the traditional *situs* of this subject, never was theology, metaphysics or ethics. It never was for Aristotle or St. Thomas and it never will be. So the appropriate principle here is: people qualified solely in a foreign discipline by definition are incompetent.

But what about Catholic college and university teaching of political science in the traditional sense of Catholic social philosophy? Here the Catholic institutions that teach it, and it is usually *not* required, teach it for the purpose of "good citizenship," disregarding the profound traditional dictum that to be a good citizen is not the same as a good man, but rather quite the contrary in most nationalist communities, so many of which we see today. However, where there is a college or university department of political science, the subject is a vocational "major," a preparation for making a living by the law, in the government or higher studies in the secular institution where Catholic social philosophy is normally irrelevant to one's technical, empirical competence. Even here, whatever the merits of this sort of endeavor, the contributions of the American Catholic higher schools are almost negligible.

In contrast with all this one can predict that the next issue of his Catholic diocesan weekly will contain an attack or criticism of the pervasive influence of secular social philosophy! Why should it not be pervasive? But, where are the scholarly Catholic social philosophers on such campuses wherein more than half of the Catholic student body goes to learn? . . .

JOHN W. PHELPS

The Parochial School

Chicago, Ill.

TO THE EDITORS: Permit me to try once again to make my point about the liturgy (or the "living parish") and the parochial school [February 28].

It seems to me that there is no evidence that the schools are in any way an obstacle to liturgical development in the parish. The current "conventional wisdom" assumes that so much time and energy is put into the schools that the parish personnel have little opportunity for liturgy or apostolate. But I wonder if those who defend this assumption are aware of how much time a school need consume in the life of a parish priest. I have no doubt that some clerics use the school as an excuse either explicit or implicit for not doing anything else, but I suspect that those who ignore the liturgical revival with the school as a pretext would do so even if they did not

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have schools; pretexts are always available for those who seek them.

In other words if a parish (clergy and laity) is sold on an extensive liturgical program, the school need be no obstacle; and if they are not sold on it, then the presence or absence of a school is irrelevant. The important question is whether clergy and laity (and both are required) want active participation. Whether a parish school is built or not is a completely different question and one which has no necessary connection with the former question. The connection is introduced either by a) those who wish an excuse for ignoring the liturgical revival, or b) those who have been persuaded to accept this excuse. The latter are the purveyors of the "conventional wisdom."

Finally, it ought to be noted that in those few parishes whose liturgical vitality is unquestioned, the schools have frequently been a tremendous asset, e.g. the parishes of Msgrs. Hillenbrand and Hellriegel. I do not think that either of these men could have done nearly so much if they had closed down their schools and limited their work to a CCD program. *(Rev.)* ANDREW M. GREELEY

"Women and the Church"

Brooklyn, N.Y.

TO THE EDITORS: Since the publication of my article on "Women and the Church" [December 20], quite a number of persons have written to inquire about St. Joan's Alliance. The Alliance, formerly the Catholic Women's Suffrage Society, has its offices at 36A, Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford Street, London W.1.

The object of the Alliance is "to band together Catholics of both sexes, in order to secure the political, social and economic equality between men and women, and to further the work and usefulness of Catholic women as citizens." Annual membership dues are £1 ($2.80), and the official organ of the Alliance, *The Catholic Citizen*, is sent monthly to all members. A history of St. Joan's Alliance, *A Venture in Faith*, by Nancy Stewart Parnell, is available from the London offices. The Price is 5s (seventy cents). ROSEMARY LAUER

AN APPEAL: A Holy Ghost Father asks help for a hard-pressed African orphanage. Its three-room building is too small to accommodate those needing shelter, food and medical care so badly that children who have to be turned away live only a few weeks. With the help of local gifts in kind, it is possible to feed the orphanage children for 42 cents a day. The staff includes one nun from Europe, five African Sisters and five laywomen. Contributions for the Mgolole Building and Food Fund may be sent to: Rev. Hubert A. Egelmeers, C.S.Sp., P.O. Box 640, Morogoro, Tanganyika, East Africa. (Airmail: 25¢).

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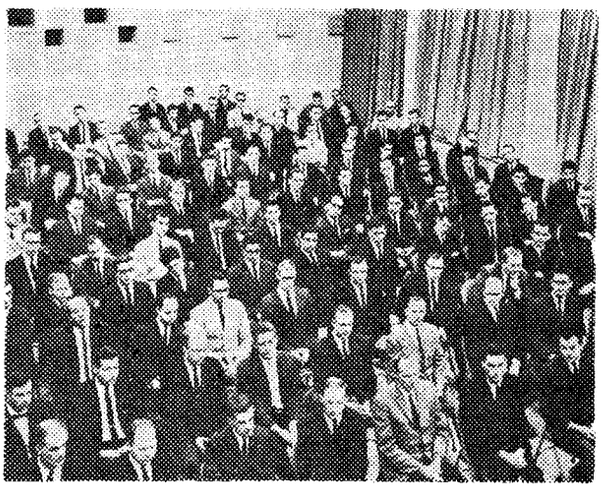

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BOOKS

Existential and Christian

Creative Fidelity. By Gabriel Marcel. Trans. by Robert Rosthal. Farrar, Straus. $5.
Gabriel Marcel. By Seymour Cain. Hilary House. $2.

by Alice Ellen Mayhew

CREATIVE FIDELITY was first published in France in 1940 (as *Du réfus à l'invocation*) and its appearance in English, after all this time, is an important event, both because Gabriel Marcel is one of the really important philosophers of our time, and because this particular book is so clearly a pivot in his work—it represents his own dynamic inquiry into the reality that he claims all men avidly aspire to.

It is, I think, the best introduction to his work because it summarizes his major intuitions and directions, and deals most stunningly with their application to what Marcel calls the "tragic data of human life."

Marcel has been the object of all the labelling that people habitually bestow on their contemporaries, but "Christian existentialist" is the one that has stuck. It is often used to indicate implied paradox, as if Marcel had, by dint of personality or need, concluded a bargain between two contradictory notions and wrenched them into some personalized "truth."

Marcel would regard such gymnastics as anti-intellectual and anti-philosophic. Rejecting as ridiculous the idea of a personal philosophy, he affirms that both Christianity and philosophy are rooted in being—the one because it is a "real" phenomenon; the other because its end is precisely the recognition and realization of being through concrete beings—the opposite of encapsuling the world in formulas.

If he is an "existentialist" rationalist, he is also an "existentialist" Christian. He sees both philosophy and religion as dynamic inquiries into reality, which are at once personal and dramatic.

Marcel, however, can be described both as Christian *and* existentialist in a more active sense than that the two merely reside side by side in his thought without murdering it or each other. When he began his inquiry, he was neither a Christian nor an existentialist. He rejected philosophic idealism because it divided man from his mind and because it kicked thought upstairs to some higher "essential" plane. He became a Catholic in his fortieth year, after an intellectual search for a way to grasp the relationship of concrete thought and concrete faith.

Perhaps Marcel's existentialism could be said to be a direct result of his Christianity—in the sense that religious experience is always in terms of a man's irreplaceable existence here and now, seeking to realize life in concrete plentitude. (This remark could equally be applied to the philosophic attitude of existentialism, in the sense that Marcel understands it.) It is more pertinent to note that he moved toward Christianity because he was an existentialist. As he moved away from arbitrary systems of thought, his interest shifted simultaneously to Christianity and existential metaphysics.

In *Creative Fidelity,* Marcel discusses this relationship between his philosophy of concrete reality and his religion. He recalls that he had made certain metaphysical discoveries before he became a Christian. Nevertheless, he is convinced that

---

A Death

To build a place for him—
A slight half-truth;
A heaven for us. Halfway,
I build them both:

Say there's a region minds
Like hands create,
Packed by the mind's light
To glaciate.

Know later suns will split
Such images,
That second death expose,
Melt down our eyes.

PHILIP LEGLER

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the philosopher who approaches reality concretely cannot fail to be attracted to the data of Christianity because there is an essential agreement between Christianity and human nature. As to whether he affirms this *as a Christian*, Marcel responds, as Etienne Gilson did, by asking how a Christian can philosophize as anything but a Christian—since the philosopher affirms *in toto*, on the basis of all his experience. "Philosophy implies an exaltation of experience," he wrote, "not a castration of it."

This remark is the key to Marcel's thought. *I believe as an existent; I affirm being as a participant*—"an affirmation which I am rather than pronounce . . . and of which I am rather the seat than the subject." With Marcel, then, existentialism and Christianity are distinct and inseparable.

Both are active and dynamic; both lead him to confront, recognize and transcend (act to free himself) from the tragic data of human life. A reviewer of *Dr. Strangelove* said the other week that this film of catastrophic technocracy provided a release from the ". . . feelings of impotence and frustration that are consuming us all." Technocracy, the world of problems and devices cannot but bring us to hopelessness. "Nothing is closer to despair," Marcel said in *Etre et Avoir*, "that is, closer to the refusal to exist and closer to suicide than a certain way of celebrating life as it is embodied in the pure instant."

In a brilliant chapter of *Creative Fidelity*, called "The Transcendent as Metaproblematic," Marcel discusses the preoccupation with death. *My* death cannot be reduced to a "problem" for *me*, he repeats, because I cannot circumscribe it, that is, see it as an object. For Sartre, death makes life absurd; Camus, with a terrible effort, makes life at best a paradox—lovable but infinitely sad in its impermanence. Marcel recognizes this vacillation at the root of our being, this temptation to be swallowed up by the inevitability of death, as part of our permanent condition. It is from this contemplation that he drew his profund intuition on *problem* and *mystery*.

The world of problems and techniques is an escape that leads, as *Dr. Strangelove* did, to emptiness and despair. On the other hand, mystery is something in which I am totally engaged (my own life and death); and it is irreducible. I transcend it by a three-fold *act* in which I confront the present (dispose myself to it and others by love); accept the past (faith); and project the future (hope, or "creative fidelity"). I repair the break in my life that death represents by recognizing the unifying possibility of salvation. Hope and fidelity triumph over time; without denying it, they establish and maintain the "ontological permanence of my life," Marcel concludes.

Seymour Cain's short book examines Marcel's work with utter simplicity, understanding and admiration. It is not exactly a critique, nor is it merely a summary. Cain is concerned with an elucidation of Marcel's major preoccupations and perceptions, placing them in context and in time. The discussions of his phenomenological method ("indirect, concrete approaches . . . to feel out the meaning of the experience or concept under analysis"), of Marcel's evolution from idealist to existentialist, and of his pivotal insight into the transcendent man (the soul is the only true voyager), are brilliant.

These two books, read together, should open up for a large audience, the passionate inspirations of a great thinker.

Domestic Tragedy

The Keepers of the House. By Shirley Ann Grau. Knopf. $4.95.

by Martin Tucker

IN HER THIRD novel, Shirley Ann Grau is concerned with three generations of the Howland family—from the grandfather who was content to stay on his land and draw his sustenance from memory and hard work and a refusal to pity himself or his aloneness; to his daughter, a tearful woman who returned to the home from which she came in order to die there, full of bourbon and tears; and finally to his granddaughter, who never exercised her capacity for love

A piece of the action from Newsweek:

"Bloom and Boom"

"Part of the nation was shivering in slush; part was basking in the high 80s. So it couldn't have been just the weather that marked the return of spring to the U. S. last week. Spring came, rather, with a state of mind and a change of pace, with a stirring in the blood and a surge of hope. And what it may still have lacked in bloom, the season made up in boom."

From a recent Newsweek story.
A glimpse of how we read these days.
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Newsweek

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or hate or anger or retribution till she was faced with the loss of her house.

Part of the Howland family, as vital and indigenous as any of the bona fide Howland stock, is Margaret, the Negro girl whom William Howland takes as his mistress. Margaret is in the tradition of Faulkner's Dilsey, the woman who endures and spawns, and from whom the land reinvigorates its depleted self. Ironically in this novel Margaret dies *before* the tumult in the Southern order of which she is a mainstay; she, as mother of the agent of destruction, is at once the cause and the innocent bystander in the war between her children and their white half-sister.

If *The Keepers of the House* has a traditional Faulknerian character in Margaret—and also in the strong, silent, earthy landowner, William Howland—it bears a more curious resemblance to those novels of the 30's and 40's in which the issues of miscegenation and segregation were exploited as plot devices and contemporary evils but never explored in depth.

Of course Miss Grau is writing neither a tract nor a document. Yet the very distance with which she treats her characters gives her novel a rarefied air: it is as if all the characters, rather than keepers, are strangers in their houses. No one understands or pierces the other's identity. William feels a greater kinship with his Negro servants than with his family. Significantly, after the death of his wife, he turns to a Negro boy, "sitting on the back porch, a small boy, no more than four. William did not remember seeing him before. *I must ask about him,* he thought. *He must be somebody's child and I just haven't noticed him.*" After the marriage of his daughter, the only person in the house for whom he feels a responsibility, he encounters the Negro Margaret.

Abigail, the granddaughter, never realizes her grandfather's loneliness nor his disappointment in always being surrounded by women: his sister, his wife, his daughter, his granddaughter, his first two great-grandchildren. It is only in his union with Margaret that a son is born to whom he can give his long-denied paternal yearnings. Nor does Abigail understand Margaret—she has a fleeting notion of the peace Margaret has brought her grandfather, but she cannot communicate her gratitude nor enter the temple of compassion with Margaret.

Such a lack of understanding within the characters may be no more than an accurate description of reality, yet the author's restraint seems not so much an artistic matter as a flaw of spirit. Only the beauty of the style and the superiority of the perception of detail raise the novel beyond the plot level of *Imitation of Life,* that sentimental classic in which a black woman's children do not learn her value until after her death, and no one understands the value of the other's character. Indeed *The Keepers of the House* is a domestic tragedy that achieves its distinction through the author's ability to evoke an atmosphere of simple, austere daily mystery. It is the atmosphere then and not the characters which impresses; it is the atmosphere which develops and thickens and curves and delights rather than its human elements or its social relevance.

The result is a novel which, although it intrigues, has got caught in its self-imposed limitations. It is more a distilled document of the author's development than a fiction clothed with the naked stuff of life.

A piece of the action from Newsweek:

"Coup de Disgrâce"

"It was the Paris Opéra, all right, but it looked like something out of the Folies Bergère by way of the Grand-Guignol. Faust was hung up in a geodesic cage, 20 feet above the stage. Mephistopheles effeminately fluttered a bright, purple fan. Hideously deformed gremlins danced the twist on the table during the Last Supper, and Marguerite did a strip. Throughout last week's unveiling of the 'Damnation' as choreographed by Maurice Béjart, the usually staid Opéra audience roared an obbligato of cheers, boos, and cries of 'Vive la musique!' And when it was over the conductor and the choreographer were not only out of step—they were at war."

From a recent Newsweek Music column. A glimpse of how we read these days. Have you read Newsweek lately?

Newsweek

Communicating

Worlds Apart. By Owen Barfield. Wesleyan University Press. $5.

by John P. Sisk

THE TITLE of this difficult but exciting book points to what is really secondary in it: its dramatic exposition of the extent to which communication among the various cultures and disciplines has become difficult or impossible. Its primary concern is with the meaning of experience and the relation between spirit and matter, a concern that is worked out, appropriately enough, in a situation that resembles a weekend retreat.

Superficially considered, the plan of *Worlds Apart* is simple enough. The narrator, "a solicitor with philological interests" who has been bothered by the lack of communication

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among specialists, persuades seven men to gather at his home for a series of discussions in which no holds are to be barred. The men are a professor of historical theology and ethics, a rocket research engineer, a physicist, a retired schoolmaster, a biologist, a psychiatrist and a linguistic philosopher. From Friday night till Sunday afternoon, with time out only for meals and sleeping, these men talk about the problem of knowledge and certitude, the nature of the universe and its relation to language and the human mind, the assumptions, expectations, limitations and inconsistencies of science, and the meaning and destiny of man.

The encyclopedic range of the discourse is skillfully managed to give the impression of spontaneous conversation. "I suppose there hasn't been much order or system in our symposium," the schoolmaster remarks towards the end. The jacket helps this illusion along with the statement that since the book is philosophical speculation, not a doctrinaire presentation in which one point of view is the "winner," the reader may decide to take his stand with any one of the speakers.

Indeed, the reader may so decide, but if he chooses to stand with the wrong speaker he may end up angry with Mr. Barfield, who is a good deal less disinterested than the blurb writer. For all its casual surface, the dialogue has an ordered narrative structure that depends on the conflict of good guys and bad guys. The psychiatrist (a Freudian), the biologist, the physicist, the theology professor (a pronounced traditionalist), the brash and naive young rocket engineer and the linguistic philosopher are bad guys. However, the story is not a melodrama: the bad guys differ in their degrees of badness; most of them have their redeeming moments and engaging qualities; each is allowed to speak his piece, often brilliantly.

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The true hero of the story is the schoolmaster, Sanderson, whose good right arm is the narrator, a dualist who favors Mircea Eliade and symbolic ways of knowing. Sanderson's progress in the story is ironic: he has been invited only after considerable hesitation and he seems at first to be out of his depth, but by Sunday morning he has taken command and keeps it to the end. He is an exponent of Rudolph Steiner, an Austrian philosopher-scientist who claimed that his "Spiritual Science" was grounded on Goethe and Aquinas (I imagine most Thomists would fail to see the connection).

The worst of the bad guys is Dunn, the linguistic philosopher. Of all the speakers he says least and is inclined to point out that what others say is neither true nor false but meaningless. He is humorless, bored a good deal of the time, and the only one who is certain that he does not want to repeat the experience. He represents the logical positivism that to one degree or another has infected everyone but Sanderson. One of the aims of the book is to make clear the extent to which he has no way of knowing that in his efforts to refine language he has put himself in a cage. Thus at one point Sanderson says: "If Dunn is right, or if he is in any way representative, it is already becoming impossible, for many, even to *conceive* of any alternate way of thinking."

I am too much in awe of Mr. Barfield's command of his several worlds to wish to give the impression that he has simply rigged his dialogue in favor of Sanderson, or that it is correct to assume that Barfield accepts Steiner as completely as Sanderson does. Nevertheless, it is clear from "The Rediscovery of Meaning," the essay Mr. Barfield wrote for *The Saturday Evening Post's* "Adventures of the Mind" series, that Sanderson and Barfield are a congenial pair. In the essay the hero is Emerson, not Steiner, but it is an Emerson who would have reacted to Dunn very much as Sanderson does.

Worlds Apart comes with a recommendation from T. S. Eliot, who calls the book "An excursion into seas of thought which are very far from ordinary routes of intellectual shipping." I suspect that Mr. Barfield's Dunn

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would have found this remark both meaningless and needlessly gaudy. It may be a bit gaudy, but as a statement about the book it is nevertheless quite accurate.

Life and Death

The Right to Life. By Norman St. John-Stevas. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $2.95.

by William H. Dempsey, Jr.

THIS IS a small book by a knowledgeable and perceptive author on a large subject—the value Western society places on life and the manner in which that value is reflected in law in the diverse circumstances in which the right to life may be challenged.

In November, 1962, Madame Suzanne van de Put, on trial in Belgium for the murder of her deformed baby, the victim of thalidomide, told the jury: "I just thought you could not let a baby like that live. I thought it could never be happy in its whole life." The jury agreed—or at least thought this an adequate excuse—for they acquitted the defendant, apparently to the satisfaction of most of the public.

At about the same time, Mrs. Robert Finkbine, fearing that her as yet unborn child would also be deformed because of thalidomide, sought authorization from an Arizona court for an abortion. She failed, but ultimately secured a legal abortion in Sweden.

The outcome in these two cases, in St. John-Stevas' judgment, is alien to "one of the fundamental principles on which Western society is based, the principle of the sanctity of life." While he does not claim that this principle is always adhered to in practice—hard cases make bad law—he does provide impressive support for the view that a highly developed respect for human life is one of the distinguishing marks of Western culture and that, moreover, this respect is rooted in Christian tradition.

To speak of the principle of the sanctity of life in general terms is not, however, very helpful in dealing with particular problems, as St. John-Stevas obviously recognizes. The right to life is not an absolute, and difficulties arise when it clashes (or appears to clash) with other interests. St. John-Stevas' effort is to discuss each major area of controversy in terms of an identification of the competing interests, a description of how the balance has been struck during different periods in various Western countries, and a measuring of the results against demands of Christian doctrine.

Two of the most controversial problems are illustrated by the van de Put and Finkbine cases—mercy killing and abortion. Putting aside barbaric aberrations such as the Nazi euthanasia program, it seems clear enough that those who urge relaxation of existing prohibitions cannot be faulted in terms of motives. They generally are influenced by feelings of compassion (although sometimes it seems arguable that the compassion masks a degree of selfishness). Indeed, too often it is their opponents who appear a bit on the cold-blooded side.

But in traditional Christian thought, which to a large extent is reflected in law, this compassion is misguided. So far as abortion and involuntary euthanasia are concerned, the controlling principle should be that each person's life is a gift from God and is not at the disposal of any other human on the basis of his judgment as to what is meet. And so far as voluntary euthanasia is concerned, the controlling principle should be that each man holds his life in trust to God and consequently is without ultimate dominion over it.

But this is not to say that society may let the matter drop there. Life is not just existence. It should consist in the fullest possible development of man's faculties in the service of

A piece of the action from Newsweek:

"The Good Non-Life"

"For breakfast he has non-caffeine coffee, meatless sausage, and the day's first nicotine-free cigarette. At the office he sits behind his non-working desk—a drawerless, paper-free form intended to look like a coffee table. At home, his wife has her wig, her false eyelashes, and a suntan from a bottle. His children are in school echoing the newest homilies of the teacherless teaching machine. After class his daughter practices the current non-dance, an over-all tremor requiring no movement of the feet. This is today's surrogate world, where man can have his cake substitute (made without butter) and eat it, too."

From a recent Newsweek column. A glimpse of how we read these days. Have you read Newsweek lately?

Newsweek

REVIEWERS

Alice Ellen Mayhew is on the staff of a well-known New York publishing house.

Martin Tucker is a member of the faculty in the English Department at Long Island University.

John P. Sisk, a regular contributor, is on the faculty of Gonzaga University, Spokane.

William H. Dempsey, Jr., a frequent contributor, was formerly Chief Law Clerk to Chief Justice Warren.

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God. If society refuses to sanction mercy killing and abortion, it should also recognize a responsibility for insuring that cripples and mental defectives are not consigned to a human scrap heap, but rather are given the help necessary for a meaningful life. One of the features that distinguishes St. John-Stevas' book from the run-of-the mill polemic to which we are too often subjected is his recognition that such corollary obligations properly derive from the principle of the sanctity of life (although he perhaps does not state it quite so explicitly).

St. John-Stevas also discusses suicide (he views criminal statutes as a wrong-headed approach to this serious problem), nuclear war (he steers a moderate course between the massive retaliationists and the nuclear pacifists), and capital punishment (he suggests with considerable force that it cannot be squared with Christian doctrine).

This is another in a growing list of worthwhile contributions from this young English lawyer who is political editor of *The Economist* and editor of the Catholic quarterly *The Wiseman Review*. As in the case for example, of his *Obscenity and the Law*, what makes his work impressive is not his style—which to tell the truth sometimes gives the impression of a first draft—but rather his broad knowledge of legal and social history, his firm grasp of Christian (and particularly Catholic) principles, and, perhaps above all, his intellectual honesty. Early British reviews of this latest work have been, it seems, quite favorable. They are correct.

ART

Jasper Johns

PERHAPS there is nothing absolutely new under the sun, but the creative artist is only worth his salt if he makes us think there is. The artist must make us see, feel or understand something new, or in a new way, if he is to be considered an artist rather than a skilled craftsman. However, it's only when it strikes deep roots that a new expression can flourish, and if an artist is really going to make his generation see something new he must have more than a mere novelty to offer.

"Pop Art," with its double-dealing in popular images, has had most of the earmarks of a mere novelty, a freakish challenge to the attention of a public enervated by the flood-tide exploitation of abstract expressionism. At best it has taken advantage of a moment of aesthetic fatigue to jar that attention by skillful jokes in a popular vernacular. It has a Beatle-like lunatic fringe, but it also has a fringe of another kind that has provided some vital creative achievements. The most remarkable of these is the work of Jasper Johns, whose retrospective exhibition at the Jewish Museum in New York City has been a truly eye-opening event of the art season.

A 33-year-old American so-called Pop Artist, Johns offers the exciting instance of a talent that advances a trenchant and genuine fresh expression. The large retrospective revealed

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A piece of the action from Newsweek:

"Tabloid Universe"

"Rosalyn Drexler is a lightning creator. Painting, sculpture, literature leap from her like tongue-flicks from a chameleon. A robust girl in her middle 30s, her young Medea face has seen a lot, including a youthful tour as a lady wrestler ('It was one way to see the country'). This week she has something of a hammerlock on New York's avant-garde, with a show of new paintings at the Kornblee Gallery and her first play (with music) opening at the enterprising off-Broadway Judson Poets' Theater."

From a recent Newsweek Art column.
A glimpse of how we read these days.
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an extremely gifted painter—*qua* painter—who pursues a stubborn but surprisingly varied program of presenting familiar object-images so that we see them in a brand new way, with a vivid awareness of their overtones (symbolic and formal) and of their ambivalence in the scheme of things. His accomplishment is by no means always successful, and in fact is invariably unsuccessful when he turns to sculpture; in his sculpture the object seems to mulishly resist any new incarnation. His bronze flashlight remains a flashlight, if apparently congealed in molasses. It is only in his painting that objects are given new life and are transformed by a transplanted existence in a painterly world. In his painting a dialogue between the real and the unreal is set up that creates a haunted work of art.

Field Painting, one of his most recent, is a composition in which this counterpoint of painted and "real" images is brought off with great verve and sharpness. The glowing painting is divided by a vertical strip of wood to which objects are affixed at odd angles: a beer can, a paint brush (always a favorite link), a chain, a Savarin coffee can and letters forming color words. A real light switch panel isolated on the paint may be a *faux pas* as a note of emphasis. The painted reflection of the "real" letters and the meaning of the words underline the interaction of the elements. A description of this work gives a false didactic impression; on the contrary, it has an air of great spontaneity and *joie-de-vivre*. It is a celebration of the *tête-a-tête* between art and humdrum reality.

This dialogue between the object and the painted surface has certain roots in *trompe l'oeil* still life, in surrealism, in collage, but the freshness of its point of view lies in the coherence achieved in following two lines of expression. The operative line is painterly expression; in Johns' earlier work—the flag and target paintings, for example—the object-image is entirely absorbed by its painterly transformation. The second line is a sort of object-composition. These two lines are interwoven in such a way that they complement and illuminate one another and add up to a dual concep-

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tion both subtle and remarkably solid. This subtle coherence is founded on painting and on ideas—those enemies of so-called pure painting, so often derided in the twentieth century, that keep creeping back into art, if only by the back door.

An idea is sometimes literally squeezed into one of Johns' paintings. The one entitled *The News* offers four painted panels of greyish horizontal atmosphere, with a rolled up newspaper crammed between the upper two. Sometimes the idea is on display, as in *Fool's House*, dominated by a broom; or the idea is behind the painting as it is in *The Shade*, a pulled-down window shade in mourning.

That these ideas are formal ideas, not literary or philosophical ones, should perhaps be stressed. An artist obviously thinks more in images than other men, but his are ideas for all that—with apologies to Jacques Barzun, who has banished the artist from *The House of Intellect*. The most impressive thing about the full-scale retrospective of this quite young American artist is that he not only displays really splendid painterly gifts (his drawings are also excellent) but a wide-ranging and original variety of formal ideas.

To the ubiquitous question, "Is it art?", the plain answer provided by Jasper Johns' new kind of counterpoint painting is that he makes it art. Whether it should properly be called Pop Art is another question. The everyday object-images that Johns employs are popular *classics* in a way: they have almost acquired the patina of age and are loaded with overtones of meaning, symbolic and formal, simply through time and use. The typical Pop artist relies heavily on being up-to-date, so much so that the connections between his experiences and those of other people seem anything but mellowed or profound. Max Kosloff in the January *Encounter* has called this sort of thing in art "the equation of paradigmatic motifs with formal invention"—a more accurate, but, alas, less graphic account than "Pop Art."

BETTY KAUFMAN

ART EXHIBITION SCHEDULE

Braque, an American Tribute (Benefit Public Education Assn.) Saidenberg, Perls, Rosenberg and Knoedler Galleries, N.Y.C., through May 2.

Hans Hoffman. Albright-Knox Museum, Buffalo, through Apr. 26.

Pavel Tchelitchew. Gallery of Modern Art, N.Y.C., through Apr. 26.

Pre-Raphaelites and Bourdelle. Gallery of Modern Art, N.Y.C., Apr. 28-May 31.

Rodin. Raleigh, N.C. Museum, Apr. 20-May 20.

20th-Century Master Drawings. Fogg Museum, Boston, through May 24.

Van Gogh Paintings & Drawings from V. W. van Gogh Collection, Guggenheim Museum, N.Y.C., through June 28.

New Directions in American Painting. J. B. Speed Art Museum, Louisville, Ky., May 4-June 7.

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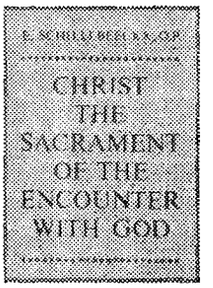

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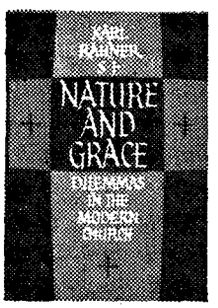

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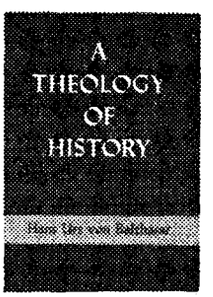

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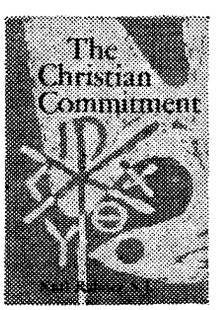

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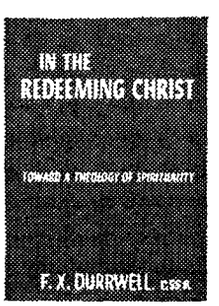

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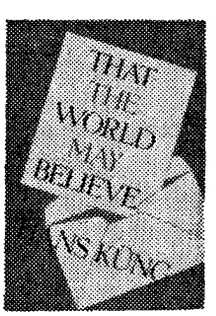

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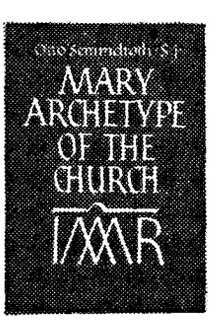

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